NEW YORK CLIPPER

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864. | VOL. XII.—No. 36. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

The vitality which had for a moment galvanized her to the enjoyment of life, departed; and Lucy Marsden, with eyes closed and speech suspended, seemed but a living corpse once more. Gabrielle was terror-struck at the effect of her chance remark. Her woman's sympathy soon distinguished that the only hope of happiness to Lucy Marsden was to evoke her out of herself, and stifle memory in her mind. She wisely resolved to let reflection for a few moments take its course. So she glided in, selected some simple refreshment from their modest larder, placed it in a basket, which she hung over her arm. Then she returned to Lucy, took her by the hand, and led her among the trees. Lucy suffered herself to be guided, but made no remark.

"How beautiful!" suddenly exclaimed Gabrielle.

Lucy aroused herself and looked upon the scene. It was one of those delightful views which can very seldom be found out of England, where in certain seasons every field appears a garden. Stretching out for miles, the landscape comprised hill, dale and river; while the tall Chevoits, rising in the distance, bounded the view in the north, which on every other side was only limited by the horizon. The charm of the prospect renewed interest in the heart of Lucy. The eyes once more glistened with life—the bloom once more rose to her cheek.

"Gabrielle," she said, "I wish I were in your place—so happy—so independent!"

"It does seem so strange to hear you say that; but I am not quite happy!"

"What do you require or regret?"

"Nothing. I only fear——"

"What?"

"That this happiness should be transient. Call me querulous, if you will. This peaceful home—the absence from all anxiety—and Charles——"

"Ah, I can guess!" said Lucy, with a laugh; "your lover?"

"He has never spoken a word on the subject," returned Gabrielle. "And yet I know he loves me! What a pleasure it is to be really, truly loved!"

"When you can bless the lover who adores you—yes!"

"I can't."

"No?"

"Not while my uncle lives. He has been both mother and father to me. I am sure I could not desert him."

"But in one household?"

"Impossible. Uncle at times is so very odd; the wound in his head affects him terribly, more than any one knows but myself. That is one reason why I was so pleased to come down here. The air agrees with him, I believe, better than in London."

"And what, may I demand, was the other reason?"

"The pleasure of being near you. If I were a man, how eagerly would I win your love."

"Yet you know but little of me."

"No matter what other people say, I'm sure that instinct is everything. A child sees a face—it runs to kiss it—the person is good; but if the child runs away, Miss Marsden—Miss Marsden, there is guilt in his soul."

"Then you think the children fond of me?" questioned the smiling Lucy.

"Look!" replied Gabrielle.

Two little chubby young ones, who had entered the field with their pinafores filled with cowslips, stole up to her with a frightened face, when they came as close as they dared, loosened their pinafores, the flowers fell in a heap before the two ladies, and the children directly ran away. Lucy could not forbear a smile, while Gabrielle absolutely clapped her hands and laughed.

"Come," she said; "go with me to visit some of your pensioners."

Gabrielle thought the exertion would rouse her friend out of her melancholy.

"To tell you the truth, I feel a sensation I have not experienced for, oh! such a time."

"Why, what?"

"Hunger," returned Lucy.

"Capital!" replied Gabrielle. "Follow me to the stream."

Down tripped the two beautiful girls to the bank. Gabrielle took the pure white cloth from the basket, spread it, and produced some simple sandwiches and a salad.

This latter she freshened in the water, and the *al fresco* repast began. Sweet was the draught of Lethe, which made memory to Lucy a blank. Reaction gave a fresh buoyancy to her girlish spirits; she laughed with Gabrielle. But Gabrielle could not but notice that the enjoyment was rather a spasmodic exhilaration, and not the quiet overflow of a contented spirit. During this repast Gabrielle told Lucy of all her present hopes and past fears, and of the struggles of her London life. Incidentally she chanced to mention Bernard's visit, when he gave her the photographs to color. The nerves of Lucy quivered for a moment, but she soon recovered herself. What had Bernard to do with Gabrielle—and to what end were the inquiries he made with reference to her family? Lucy, detecting herself relapsing into a fit of abstraction' rallied herself.

"Come," she cried, lunch over—"to my pensioners."

The two girls wandered on to the cottages of those whom, in past years, she had befriended—and who, during the absence of Lucy in London, had received frequent remembrances.

"Ah, bless you, ma'am, he's a fine child—he wasn't more than eighteen months when you saw him last; now he can blackberry wi' the best on 'em. I hear there's a new steward coming to help Mr. Latour; I hope you told him I don't pay no rent. Lady Marsden—rest her soul!—promised me this bit cottage rent free when Robert died, till I went along to him under the sod."

"It shall still be yours, Mrs. Davis," replied Lucy; "and may you live long to enjoy——"

"To be sure, that be a kind wish from a lady like you to a poor old body like me. May heaven soon send you a good husband for't!"

Poor Lucy!

"Where is your boy?" asked Gabrielle, in order to change the conversation.

"He's at schule, yonder," she replied—"the schule that Miss Lucy's built for the poor folk about here."

"Come, Miss Marsden," whispered Gabrielle. "Come, and let us see your pedagogue at her employment."

Lucy followed her companion through the village of Marsden. Wherever she passed, there were tokens of heartfelt respect, which she acknowledged by kind words or pleasant gestures. Then they came to the school where Lucy had so well acted the character of Lady Bountiful. As she entered, the children clapped their hands and shouted with delight. The voice of the schoolmistress was insufficient to stop them.

"Why, Rose," cried Lucy, addressing one of the little ones—"why do you cry?"

"Because fader would make me come to school, and I wanted to see mudder."

"Why, then——"

"Miss Marsden," whispered the schoolmistress, "Rose's mother is dead."

"We will go and see her poor father on our return," Lucy murmured to Gabrielle.

The scholars, gradually recovering from the bashfulness which followed their shouting, boldly asked for a half-holiday. Lucy employed her interests with the schoolmistress, and, be it said, with success. Another shout! The mistress asked Lucy if she would not enter her apartments and rest. Lucy acceded gladly, taking the little girl, Rose, with her. There they sat, and talked of the villagers, their prospects and successes.

"I assure you, Miss, it is a great pleasure to find you amongst us once more; for the talk in the village was that you intended to be married."

Another touch on the painful spot. Lucy marvelled that, remote as Marsden was from the metropolis, none of the villagers seemed to have a glimmering knowledge of the story of the interrupted wedding. She turned to leave. She had lingered so long, that the day was departing. Then the two girls betook themselves to the cottage of the new-made widower. How holy were the words of consolation which Lucy Marsden used to the bereaved one—how tender was her sympathy—how earnest was her help—was a tale of joy to the poor widower during the whole of his after life!

CHARLES WHITE, ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"We must be quick," said Gabrielle—"the sun is setting. See!"

"I know a near path," cried Lucy; "come with me."

Lucy led the way at a rapid pace, till a turn in the road revealed Beckley Bridge. The old one had been removed, this present one being of stone. Lucy sighed as she recollected her mother's death.

"I cannot understand," said Gabrielle, "that you, so loving and so loved, can be unhappy!"

"Fate," whispered Lucy—"fate!"

Gabrielle smiled.

"I do not believe in fate," she said.

"Your skepticism will soon depart, I promise you. You have come to a strange, weird place."

Lucy's face saddened.

"Why are you unhappy?"

"Stop, Gabrielle, and I will tell you."

Gabrielle was breathing quick—so quickly was she arrested—so eager was the voice.

"This glade, across which we are now passing, is to me associated with a great misery, twined with a vast joy.

"Two years ago," she continued, "he, Gabrielle, whom my heart worships, was seated there—on that very prostrate tree. He saw me not; but, as I looked at him, it seemed as though my very soul surrounded him—a holy atmosphere of light. I did not speak my love; but how I loved him, heaven and my own anguish alone can tell!"

Gabrielle trembled, the manner and speech of Lucy Marsden was so intense.

"I can see him," cried Lucy, with her hands still clutching, although clasped—"I can see him now! How idle were the words I uttered—how deep was the emotion whence they sprang! The sun had just died in the west, and the moon——"

Lucy shrieked. Gabrielle recoiled in terror. There, at their feet, though the moon was so young, was the appearance—the bright ring of light—the sword within the circle!

"Great heaven!" muttered the agitated Gabrielle; "what is it?"

"'Tis the Fate of the House of Marsden. Yes," continued Lucy; "stay there, insensate shadow—there, on the very spot where he stood, my Athol!"

The appearance glowed with still brighter flame.

"I was happy, when suddenly broke in upon our speech the man whom I, Gabrielle, abhor!"

"Who was he?" whispered Gabrielle. "His name?"

The appearance, still preserving its form, slowly swept across the grass to an opening amid the trees—the opening where Bernard had before stood. The two girls followed it with their eyes, until it reached a human form. Madly excited, Lucy dashed forward, and saw Hugh Bernard, pale as a spectre, in the same attitude, with his hand uplifted, as she had beheld him two years since. Lucy sank fainting on the grass. Was it a spectre?

CHAPTER XX.

HUGH BERNARD'S NEW QUARTERS—THE MONEY LENDER—CONSPIRACY—ALTERING THE WILL.

The course of relation calls us back three days. The moon showed pale and sickly through the damp mist which rose from the low marshes lining the Essex shore of the London river. Slowly surging its way through the turbid, sluggish water, there came a bluff-bowed boat, occupied by two men, the one toiling at the oars, the other in a state of nervous excitement, at the stern. The latter was a small, thin individual, of about sixty. His eyes were of a pink hue, resembling those of an albino; his skin was freckled; his nose aquiline and almost transparent; and on his pale, quivering lip, there sat a peculiar, ever shifting smile. The boat at last, to his evident satisfaction, approached a desolate portion of the bank, where, a short distance from the water, there glimmered a solitary light from a tumble-down old public house, called the "World's End." Nothing could be well imagined more utterly lonely than this spot. It was surrounded by a weary waste of oozy marsh, so uniformly level that the approach of a stranger, though at a mile's distance, could be clearly distinguished from the house. The broad keel of the boat grounded on the half stone, half mud of the shore, and the brawny boatman assisted his fare to land.

"Wait!" said Mr. Ephraim Light, in an eager, nervous tone.

The boatman touched his hat, cast about for a stump to which to secure his craft, then leisurely followed to the "World's End," where he immediately ordered the twin luxuries of a pint of ale and a screw of birdseye tobacco. The landlord, though apparently a man of but few words to others, was most obsequious to his patron, Mr. Light.

"Long shore Dick?" inquired the latter, half by sign—half by words.

The landlord pointed to the tap room and nodded.

"Up stairs?" pursued Light, in the same questioning manner.

The landlord nodded once more.

"Mending?" asked Light.

"Mending," replied the landlord, lighting a candle at the gas, and handing it to his patron.

Mr. Light, holding the candle stick far above his head, passed along the narrow passage, up the creaking, broken stairs, opened a loosely-latched door, and entered a low-pitched garret.

"Well, captain?" cried Light, addressing a human form huddled under a heap of clothes in the corner, "here you are! I've got ye, have I? but is that all I'm to have for my fifteen thousand?"

Hugh Bernard, for it was he, was evidently unprepared for an answer to this home question.

"Something different from your swell place in the Albany, eh? There aint no pictures nor stattys 'ere. But it's better for you, for all that; it's safe—oh, captain?"

"What does the world say?"

"It says that you're a cheat, a swindler, and a humbug! It says that your quicksilver mine will be indicted for getting goods under false pretences. But the mine's out of the way, eh?"

"If it hadn't been for that infernal wound—"

"Ah, yes; 'if it hadn't been!' That's what all my clients say. 'If it hadn't been for So-and-so, or Such-and-such, I should a taken up that bill all comfortable, Mr. Light.' Men in my money-lending way have such a deal to do with the 'hadn't beens.'"

Ephraim Light, speaking this in a bitter, savage manner, put down the candle on the rickety table, and, taking one of the broken chairs to the side of the bed, sat down, and impetuously turning down the bed clothes, looked his creditor sternly in the face.

"Hugh Bernard," he said, "what with your original debts, interests, renewals, and costs, you owe me close on fifteen thousand pounds; and, by Heavens! come what may, I will have it!"

"I should be glad to know how?" replied Bernard, a quiet taunt in his tones. "Here am I, as you know, regularly run to earth—not a pound or a friend!"

Bernard sullenly turned round in his bed, and once more drew the bed clothes over his face. Light once more tore them away, his eyes blazing up with the eagerness of determined avarice.

"Let us understand one another," he continued. "Yov've come to me for years. I've lent you tons till tens became hundreds; and hundreds, thousands. Do you think, clever as you are, that I was such an infernal fool as to let you have my money without knowing how it was to come back, eh? The quicksilver mine was a good dodge; but it warnt good enough for me."

The complexion of Bernard grew more cadaverous than its wont.

"You forget I am in torment with the wound, which, slight as it is, seems never to heal. Speak lower, Light."

"Years ago I noticed well enough, when I worried you for an overdue installment or what not, how you used to go down to the milch cow, at Marsden Grange. She died, and you boasted of a will she left. Nothing was ever said about the document. All at once, the daughter comes up to town, and she begins to feed you as before. 'Now, Ephraim Light,' says I to myself, 'this scent might be found out;' so I sets myself to work, and I found it out!"

Bernard started up in bed with a wild cry.

"Brittany," slowly spoke the other, "Brittany, the Abbe Lavillac and Gabrielle!"

Bernard pressed his hand to his brow, and fell almost insensible on his pallet. Had a demon sat by his bedside in place of the money lender, he could hardly have shown more terrible in Bernard's eyes.

"It's as good as a quicksilver mine," proceeded the money lender; "and the ore is not exhausted yet; so, if you won't work it, I will!"

These last syllables, whispered in the ear of Bernard, had the effect of the most powerful restorative.

"For Heaven's sake—"

"Tush!" replied the other; "this 'ere is business. I tell ye I want my money, and at once. If you can't get it out of the lady, I will!"

Bernard seemed too breathless to reply.

"What the deuce is the matter with you?" continued Light. "I believe you are humbugging with that flesh wound of yours; why, it's a bit of a cut that ought to heal in a week!"

"It's a mystery!" sullenly answered Bernard.

"Well, now," continued Light, changing the conversation, "business! Where's the old lady's will? I know that's strong enough; I got it drawn out myself. You never proved it. Where is it?"

"It is informal, and is useless."

"Useless! Rubbish! Where is it?"

Bernard pointed to a small portmanteau. This Light at once opened, rapidly turned over its contents, and found the will. He deliberately snuffed the candle and sat down to peruse the document.

"Well!" he exclaimed, having finished it; "what's the matter?"

"The creole—the legacy—the witness!"

"Ah!" sighed Light; "what a pity it is, isn't it, when people get *too* clever? If you were as ignorant as I am, you would know that the will's good enough; it's only the poor devil's legacy that would be lost. To prevent mistakes, however, perhaps it's just as well to work an old plan of mine."

Carefully spreading the will on the table, Ephraim Light took a small bottle from his pocket and an artist's camel hair brush. Very carefully he brushed over the few lines which it will be remembered Lady Marsden had, unknown to Bernard, added to the will. Under this manipulation the words disappeared, as though they had never been inscribed.

"You see," said the money lender, "it's not that a few hundreds, more or less, would make any difference, only for the inquiry; and as we don't want to be made the mark of a lot of legal sharp shooters, inquiry we'll avoid."

"Then am I—"

"Hush!" cried Light. "I should be sorry for anybody to see you just now—anybody that had a respect for you, that is. Ye're so down—so fidgetty—so stupid—that nobody would believe ye to be your old self."

A gleam of resolution seemed to enter the soul of Bernard as he rose and addressed the speaker.

"Hope springs in my heart!" he cried. "Once more I shall be chief actor!"

No, no!" laughed Light; "you can't be leading man in this game! That part I reserve for myself. In future, Hugh Bernard, yours must only be of very 'general utility!'"

"What would you do?" inquired Bernard.

"Let me see," pondered Light. "By this will—all, you see, clear and regular—you have the entire control of the Marsden property until the death of Miss Lucy; and then, she having the disposal of it, play the cards well, and 'twould be all your own!"

"All my own?" hoarsely interrupted the captain, raising himself on his elbow.

"On her death," repeated Light, "on her death; when," he added, taking a pinch of snuff with the utmost significance, "when you will be able to pay me over and over again!"

Did the captain understand the implied hint contained in these few words? Possibly, for he shrouded his eyes in his hand, and fell back once more. Light grasped him tightly by the wrist.

"Hark ye!" he said. "In this arrangement I must hold command; mine the brain to fashion—yours the hand to strike; and it must be done at once—to day. You have a letter of Lucy Marsden's. Quick—"

Once more the captain pointed to the portmanteau. Ephraim Light withdrew from it a bundle of documents. He selected one; then, moving to the head of the stairs, he called Silas. The broad-shouldered landlord, with alacrity, obeyed his call.

"Send up Longshore."

"Light, returning to the room, took an old pen from the mantelpiece and laid it beside the selected letter on the rough deal table. He had scarcely done so before Longshore Dick made his appearance. He was undersized and deformed, yet his dwarfed proportions gave indications of vast strength. His cognomen of "Longshore" had been given him, perhaps, in some spirit of banter. His thick, close-cropped hair was of an angry red; his heavy eyebrows, of the same color, hung from his obtruding brows like thatch from a pent house roof. Bernard, who had never previously seen him, was startled at his appearance.

"Don't be afraid," said Light; "you can say whatever you like afore him. He'll never say a word, bless you, though he'll repeat every syllable he hears! Don't you understand, captain? He's deaf and dumb."

Light immediately conversed with the deformed on his fingers. He then showed him the letter of Lucy. The hunchback gazed at the characters with microscopic intensity, insensibly moving his hand as though it held a pen, and was imitating the characters. Then he looked towards Light and nodded. Light pointed to the inkstand, and taking an old letter from his pocket, tore off the blank sheet, and laid it on the table beside the inkstand. The hunchback, mounting a chair, sat down to copy on this the missive of Lucy. He was perfectly artistic in his preliminaries. He took out a little brass circular box, in which he carried steel nibs of various degrees of fineness and elasticity. From these he selected two, and tried each. After a few moments' deliberation, he discarded both, and chose a third; this he tried in a series of flourishes, and then sat down to his task. The caligraphy of Lucy Marsden possessed certain peculiarities which the hunchback found it difficult to imitate. He made several attempts of three or four lines each, abandoning each in turn. At last, screwing up every power of attention to the task, he succeeded.

"Humph! that'll do. Very good," exclaimed Light, patting the deformed.

Long-shore Dick was delighted.

"What do you think of that, eh? asked Light, tossing both the original and the copy to Bernard. "That's pretty tidy, isn't it?"

"Wonderful!" replied Bernard: "when the ink is dry it will be impossible to detect the difference."

"Yes," coincided Light; "he's a capital fellow, very ingenious, and uncommonly useful to me, I assure you. In two days all will be complete; and in two days, Captain Bernard, you must be prepared to depart with us for Marsden Grange."

"I shall be ready," replied the Captain, still looking at the two papers, then placing them in the pocket of his coat, which hung over the bed. "I shall examine these once more. Good night."

"In two days, body and soul, he will be chained to me," muttered Light, as he departed with Long-shore Dick.

"In two days, the wealth of the Marsdens will be virtually mine," thought Bernard, as, once more turning on his couch, he addressed himself to slumber.

CHAPTER XXI.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN BERNARD AND LUCY MARSDEN—THE LEGAL ADVISER—PREPARATION FOR CARRYING THE CONSPIRACY INTO EXECUTION.

THE Hugh Bernard, as Lucy beheld him when he reached the Grange, was a very different person to the Hugh Bernard prostrate on his lowly couch at the "World's End." The truth may have been surmised already, that the Captain was a brave man only when women were his antagonists.

"Lucy Marsden," he said, "come to me."

Instinct, bred of long use, conquered inclination, and the young girl once more followed her tormentor. The mysterious symptoms which had followed on his wound had developed themselves, though they were now for the moment latent. The ghastly pallor of his face appeared still more unnatural in the liquid glances of the young moon. He so trembled with weakness, too, that Lucy could hardly withhold her pity.

"Are you going to the Grange?" she inquired

"No," he replied, bluntly: there are lights and company. My business with you is of too private a nature to be openly canvassed. Beside, there are other reasons which prevent an acknowledged visit—reasons, however, which will not endure for long."

Lucy fairly shivered, as she recognised, once more, the old, icy smile.

"I have been degraded;" she said, at length, "until, Hugh Bernard, I have reached almost the lowest deep—further descent would be hardly more shameful. I have stood at the altar, ready to become your wife; but never—never could I do so again. If that intention be part of your design, abandon it—'twould be as easy to breathe life into a corpse, or make the hoary ocean yield its hidden prey."

"That project is abandoned," replied Hugh, "for the present. In the past we were both free; but now, Lucy, by the solemn deed of your dead mother, you are more than ever in my power."

Lucy started.

"You yourself informed me that that will you extorted was——"

"Informal. I told you so; yes, it was a *ruse*, the reason for which you shall know in good time."

"Then," replied the young girl, "if you speak truth, my fortune is at your control; but I, myself——"

"Time shall reveal," coldly replied Bernard. "This is a retired place enough; meet me to-morrow night here, at the same hour, and you shall learn all."

"Are you going into the village?"

"No," replied Bernard. "I shall rest at the lodge here, with M. Anatole and Gabrielle."

The noise of approaching footfalls on the crisp leaves startled the speakers. Bernard at once concealed himself behind a tree. Lucy advanced a step or two, and met Latour.

"My mistress," said the creole at last, "Heaven knows what a fear assailed my heart at your long absence."

"I have been with Gabrielle," replied Lucy, very calmly, "renewing old acquaintance, and making new friends. Has the Countess arrived?"

"She waits for you; the dinner-hour has long since passed."

"Gabrielle!" cried Lucy.

Gabrielle, in obeying her summons, passed the broad-spreading tree which afforded Bernard a welcome shelter from the observation of Latour. Under a pretence of plucking a flower, the young girl, for an instant, paused.

"Home!" rapidly whispered Bernard; "I will follow!"

"Gabrielle," murmured Lucy, "come to me to-morrow; I feel very sad and very lonely."

Gabrielle, in the tenderest sympathy, pressed her hand, as Lucy, preceded by Latour, took her way towards the Grange. Then, fearing the companionship of Bernard, with a rapid step Gabrielle paced the road which led up to the lodge. Suddenly she stopped, as she discerned a stranger with her uncle in the garden. M. Anatole was accompanying the conversation with all the energetic pantomime which usually accompanies a Frenchman's pantomime which could not refrain from linking the speech. Gabrielle could not refrain from linking the appearance of the unknown with the sudden arrival of Hugh Bernard.

"And this is your niece?" said the mild tones of the pink-eyed stranger. "And what, may I ask, is her name?"

"Gabrielle; and ah! she is a shild ver goot—excellent!"

"Gabrielle!" returned the other. "Gabrielle! Can it be?" he whispered to himself. "Gabrielle!"

M. Anatole, in his own language, explained the reason of the presence of their guest. He was a friend of their patron, Captain Hugh Bernard. For M. Anatole was so simple in his manners, lived so little in the world, that he had never heard, or if he had heard had forgotten, that their "patron" was a man whom all now avoided.

"Monsieur," exclaimed the Frenchman, "we have not ze wines, but we have ze beer—ze portare been. My shild Gabrielle, she zall a dress ze table. I vill be ze cook in a cotelette, Monsieur. Ah!" he concluded, with a laugh, "I am a cook—ver good, ver good cook is me!"

The good-hearted old Frenchman bustled about in the pursuit of his hospitable intentions. Gabrielle, with doubt and fear struggling in her heart for the mastery, laid the snow-white cloth on the rough deal table, and with all the taste of a Frenchwoman, culled a few simple flowers from their garden, and binding them in a boquet, placed them in the centre. The simmer of frying could be clearly heard in their little kitchen, and the preparations approached completion. The stranger was deeply engrossed in the calculation of a number of figures in a pocket-book.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "I ave see a ghost—it come walk, walk, zis way—ah, it enter itself in ze garden—it knock at our door. It is Captain Bernard!"

Bernard bowed slightly, and, in the manner of one thoroughly exhausted, dropped into a chair.

"You are in pain?" inquired the stranger.

"Torture!" returned the Captain, setting his teeth together. "I had omitted to introduce this friend of mine, who shares your hospitality—Mr. Ephraim Light, my—em—my legal adviser."

The Frenchman appeared by this time with his dish of cutlets, and the party sat down with appetite to their evening meal. Gabrielle closely watched the friends.

"You can give us a bed, Gabrielle?" asked the Captain.

"You are in sad confusion," answered the girl. "We have been here for so short a time; but there's a dou-

ble-bedded room at your service, if you can put up with that."

"Thank you, yes," answered Light; "and we'll retire early, if you please. I am somewhat tired with my journey; and the Captain, with his wound——"

"Ah! vat you say?—a vound! I vould know, Capitaine, 'ow you got zat vound—wis ze bullet—wis ze bayonet—wis ze sword?"

"It was an accident," replied Light, turning off the matter in a general way. "Rest will restore him."

But few more words were spoken during the supper, which Gabrielle cleared away.

"No fear of smoke, I hope, monsieur?" said Light, producing a cigar-case.

"Hah! zat is ver good! I no fear ze smoke of tabac, or of ze powder. I have seen it in Russia, in Leipzic, and at Waterloo."

The old Frenchman drew himself up at the recollection, and saluted the picture of his Emperor. Light looked with surprise at Bernard, who touched his forehead to explain the peculiarity of their host.

"Brandy, monsieur?" asked Light, drawing a tolerably large flask from his pocket.

"Merci, monsieur! Bien! yes, I am oblige ver mosh. Ha! look at zat naughty shild, she shake of her head!"

"My uncle, gentlemen," blushingly apologised Gabrielle, "suffers from an old wound, and spirits affect his head. The Doctor——"

"Ah, ze Docteur—bien! Never mind, he is not of no use, ze Docteur. I will myself enjoy."

Gabrielle, as in duty bound, yielded the point, and prepared a weak glass of what her uncle called "ze grog."

Conversation soon languished, and was at last entirely confined to the old Frenchman, whose loquacity, increased, perhaps, by his unaccustomed potations, was almost unheeded by his listeners. In reply to the mute inquiry of Light, Gabrielle brought a small lamp, and preceded Bernard and his friend up stairs to their chamber. She noticed that the first thing Light did was to fling up the window and gaze upon the ground.

"Shall you require anything more, gentlemen?" asked Gabrielle.

"Are we alone on this floor?" demanded Light.

"There are but four rooms in this lodge," answered the girl; "and my chamber adjoins your own."

"And your uncle?"

"Sleeps down stairs."

"It is sufficient," replied Light. "Good evening."

Gabrielle, curtseying gracefully, quitted the apartment. She descended the stairs, persuaded her uncle to retire, locked the doors, and ascended to her own room. She listened as she passed the apartment of her guests. By the clearness with which she heard the sigh of the wind amongst the trees, she knew that the window was open. A feeling of mystery surrounded Gabrielle as with an incense. The appearance of the Fate of the Marsdens, betokening peril to the family, the sudden arrival of Bernard, the advent of the strange Mr. Light, all conspired to strengthen the odd feeling. This mystery, she, out of her unselfish devotion to Lucy, resolved, if possible, to penetrate. Silently she entered her bedchamber. The moonlight streaming through the narrow panes of the window gave a ghostly appearance to the white furniture of her little room. Rapidly she took off her dress, removed her boots, and then rested on her couch, to devise means to fathom the plans of the strangers. In one corner of the apartment, against the wall, there was a large old-fashioned cupboard. Into this she crept, and with the narrow point of her scissors, by slow degrees, managed to scrape a hole through the slender partition which divided her chamber from that of Bernard and his friend Light. Light was whispering eagerly to Bernard.

"You saw her, then?"

"Yes," returned Bernard, feebly—"yes."

"And you breathed no word of the will?"

"Yes," answered Bernard, "I did."

The pink eyes of Light glowed so vividly with intense rage, that Gabrielle impulsively shuddered, and withdrew.

"I tell you," said Light, "you must be my instrument in this matter. I swear to heaven, if you thwart me, Bernard, I'll hang you like a dog! You should have said nothing. She may escape us."

Gabrielle's ear almost ground against the hole, in her anxiety to hear everything.

"What is it you intend?" inquired Bernard. "I am no child, to be kept shuddering in the dark. What is it you mean to do?"

"What? You ask that! You who know as perfectly as myself! The will gives you the power; and of what avail is a will until——"

Gabrielle filled up the pause too readily! In her throat there was a choking sensation. She could hardly repress a cry. But she had already heard enough to understand that the life of her benefactress was in her keeping; and in the space of an instant she was a listener once again. But a silence had succeeded the whispered exclamation. Soon she heard the lattice open once more. Looking into the room she could distinguish Light removing the lamp from the table, and waving it three or four times out of the open window. Then she fancied, every sense rendered doubly acute by the presence of the danger, that she could detect the tread of a man outside on the gravel. The suspicion soon grew to certainty.

"He's here," whispered Light. "Trust that fellow to find a place. Come here," he added to Bernard. "Hold the lamp while I talk to him. What's that?"

All still. It was Gabrielle, who, in her anxiety to obtain a larger area of vision, had widened the hole with her scissors. It was some moments before she dared to look.

Light was leaning out of the window, and Bernard with his left hand holding the lamp over his head. What Light was doing she could not discern. Had she been on the exterior of the mansion, she would have known that he was talking on his fingers to the deaf and dumb Longshore Dick. Some minutes were thus exhausted. Gabrielle was distracted with anxieties.

"That'll do," exclaimed Light. "To-morrow night—Long-shore Dick will settle it to-morrow night."

"What?" groaned Bernard, as a new attack of pain prostrated him for the moment. "Will settle what?"

"The affair," smiled Light, proceeding to undress—"the affair. We'll prove the old lady's will; and as for the daughter——"

"The daughter?" whispered Bernard.

Gabrielle thirsted for the reply.

"Well!" laughed Light; "I shouldn't wonder if there wasn't something 'sacred to her memory' very soon after."

Gabrielle stopped to hear no more; she recoiled with horror from the post of observation. She moved no muscle; not a nerve quivered; she uttered no sound. She waited patiently til the regular breathing of the two strangers succeeded the irregular moans of pain issuing from Bernard. When all was quiet, Gabrielle, noiseless as a spirit, glided down the stairs, and passed out into the night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OSSIFIED MAN.

THERE was a rare and wonderful spectacle at the Union Depot at Cleveland, recently—a man who is almost totally ossified, blind and perfectly helpless. Some years ago an account of this strange case was published in the newspapers of this country and in medical journals in England. He has been in a state of almost complete ossification for thirty years.

It is perhaps the most remarkable case of the ossification of the entire human frame ever known in this country, and, probably, in the world. The name of the man is Valentine Perkins. He is fifty-two years of age, and was born in the town of Henrietta, Monroe County, New York. His father died in Buffalo, in 1812, leaving his family in poor circumstances. His mother removed to Ohio shortly after, and has lived in Lake and Portage counties since.

Valentine was a smart, active boy until he was eleven years old, when he was thrown from a horse, which injured one of his knees severely, and the joint became ossified. From that time forward, for fifteen years, the process of ossification or hardening of the joints continued, until it might be said he was one solid bone, so far as the frame was concerned. At this time and for the last twenty-five years, he has been unable to move a single joint, with the exception of the first or the index and middle fingers of his right hand, one of his shoulders a very little, and one or two of his toes. His backbone is completely solid, from the base of the skull downward, which prevents his moving or turning his head in the least.

He has been blind for about thirty years, and his jaws have not been opened for over thirty years. When it is necessary for him to eat, the food is made fine and placed within his mouth, his front teeth being gone, and it finds its way into his stomach. He has a good appetite, and will eat with apparent relish anything that is given him.

As he lies on his bed, he has the appearance of a person in a deep sleep, the only motion perceptible being the action of the respiratory organs. His skin is somewhat sallow, and his fingers drawn and twisted very much out of shape, the flesh, what little there is on the bones of his hands, being almost transparent and having the appearance of highly polished marble of a yellowish hue. His hair, beard and nails grow ordinarily fast. Some of his fingers and toes are destitute of nails, and on others they resemble birds' claws.

He is possessed of much more intelligence than we would suppose possible for one in his condition. He is very expert at mathematical calculations, and can, with great readiness, give, for example, the number of square inches in an area the number of whose square feet or rods is given him.

Of course it must be a world of work to take care of this helpless man, but his friends have cheerfully borne the sad burden for more than forty years.

He left in care of his brother, Mr. Alvord, on the afternoon train for Painsville. While at the depot he was visited by hundreds who gazed upon him with wonder and astonishment that a person in his condition could remain in almost one position for the period of an ordinary lifetime. But such is the veritable fact.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

NOISY SIM.—"S. D. K. bets B. G. $10 that he can purchase an article equal in quality at B & Co.'s for less than $75. The money was put up in the stakeholder's hands. That night the stakeholder sent back S. D. K's money, he also gave B. G. his $10. The question is, can S. D. K. hold B. G. to the bet?".....In a legal sense he cannot; as a matter of honor, he can.

COPPERHEAD, Troy.—1. Sam is one of the best performers in the business. 2. Burnt cork is the preparation used. It is mixed to the consistency of paste 3. Cool Burgess is with Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn. 4. Charley Morris is out West with a minstrel band. 5. Hi. Rumsey is not dead, but is lying very low in this city.

YOUR CONSTANT READER.—1. The National and Chatham Theatre were one and the same. It was situated in Chatham street four doors above Roosevelt street. 2. If you ask the lady the same impertinent question you have asked us she may enlighten you. 3. We do not receive subscriptions for the city.

C. J., Portland.—1. The lady's father did not die, but recovered. He was reported dead. 2. She has an uncle in the profession of the same name. 3. 22 years of age. 4. Not married. 5. Send the letter to this office and we will advertise it.

G. M., St. Louis.—As at present organised, we know but little about the merits of the company. It is true, however, that there are companies performing outside of New York of superior talent to those performing in it.

SMIGGY MAGLURAL.—The New Bowery will seat, as well as hold, more people than the New York Academy of Music or any other theatre or academy in this country, except the New Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, which will hold over 5000 people.

AMATEUR ACTOR, Rochester.—1. Kitty Fyffe is at present in Baltimore, Md. You will find the lady's whereabouts in our music hall summary. 2. Address John Beckerly, box 3947, N. Y. P. O.

G. M., St. Louis.—1. The gentleman you mention is not the *very best* comedian in the burnt cork profession. 2. The company is a good but not a superior one.

FORT HILL BOY, Boston.—1, Until you can handle them with ease and without undue fatigue. 2. A matter of opinion merely, which we do not undertake to decide.

PATRON, Pittsburgh, Pa.—In putting up $10 as his stakes in the bet and $1 additional, B showed $11 and won, and A should pay his money like a man, and not seek to back out on a quibble.

ENQUIRER, Bridgeport —1. A copy of the play will cost you $20. For particulars send a note to box 3947, N. Y. P. O. 2. The parties you inquire for are with Myers' company at Toronto, C. W.

DR. LA M., Richmond, Ind.—1. Our terms for advertising are published in another column. 2 We have neither recollection or record of having received the remittance to which you allude.

J. E., Hart's Island.—B had no right to go alone when A, who took up the trump, announced that he (A) would play it alone; in securing three tricks, A makes one point only.

ATHLETE, St. Louis.—With a circus company during the summer months, from $15 to $20 a week. In the winter, at a music hall, from $25 to $30 per week.

SKATES, Pittsburgh.—Address a note to Woodham & Winans, Skate Emporium, 424 Broadway, describing the kind of skate you desire. We presume they keep the kind you want.

WM. B., Trenton, N. J.—Tom O'Donnell issued a fresh challenge to Joe Winrow, but the latter declined a second meeting. O'D. defeated Ford twice.

CONSTANT READER, Indianapolis.—If A had bet that the chain was not *all* gold he would have won; but if he bet in indifferent terms, that the chain was not gold, he lost.

F. E.—The new Stadt Theatre in the Bowery will hold the most people of any theatre in this or any other city. See answer to Smiggy Maglural.

THOS. GRIFFIN, Boston.—You had better write to Ned Price, Smithsonian Restaurant, Washington, D. C., who will be happy to inform you.

CLIPPER PATRON.—Call on Dick & Fitzgerald, Ann street, who will be happy to give you a list of their publications, among which is the very book you require.

JAS. H. SHANE, Richmond, Ill.—Let us know what back numbers you want, and if we have them, we will send them along, at ten cents per copy.

HARVARD, Cambridge, MASS.—As the precise home vote has not been officially made known, we should advise that the bet be drawn.

SKATES.—"Clubs bets Ten Pins that Daniel E. Sickles is a Major General of Volunteers—Ten Pins bets that he is not. Who is right?".....Clubs is right.

GUY, Reserve Artillery, Army of Potomac.—1. Your former letter not received. 2. Know nothing of the parties, save that their advertisement is paid for. 3. Write to them yourself.

C. W., St. Louis.—If your white or cue ball went off the table, your opponent was entitled to three points.

G. O., York Towers.—The Christian Commission attends to such matters we believe.

A. G. H.—Kate Denin is not dead, but is at present travelling through the country. She is the wife of Sam Ryan.

F. P. S., Boston.—It is called the Augusta Opera House. Write to the manager and he will send you a programme.

MARY LEE, Lewiston.—We can send you Nos. 4, 17 and 32. 24 is out of print.

WELL WISHER, Rochester.—Mary Provost has been lying sick at Columbus, Ohio, for some time.

RED BIRD.—1. About 32. 2. Has appeared previous to the last engagement at Laura Keene's Theatre, two seasons ago.

FANNY, Newark.—1. The lady was married, but her husband is dead. 2. Is married, but her husband is not dead.

FRANK, North Adams, Mass.—As in propounding your bet, no State was mentioned, you lose. *The* hospital is at Washington.

WAREFORD, R. I.—Gen. Grant outranked Gen. McClellan. The former is a Lieutenant General; the latter was a Major General.

ENQUIRER.—James Buckley of Buckley's Minstrels is the agent in this country for the instrument called melaphone.

W. B. AND J. F., New York.—We don't remember the coincidence you refer to.

S. B. H., Washington, D. C.—Send a specimen, and we will read it.

CONSTANT READER, Syracuse, N. Y.—There is no book published in this country on that subject.

R. B.—The New Bowery was opened Sept. 5, 1859, by Messrs. Fox and Lingard.

ALTEN.—The California steamers leave this city on the 3d, 13th, and 23d of every month.

LOOKER ON.—Mrs. Frank Drew is at present performing at the Melodeon, Baltimore.

A. AND B.—B is mistaken; it only takes A 25 cents to see the blind.

WM. RILEY, U. S. Gen. Hos., Frederick, Md.—Heenan and Morrissey fought on the 20th of October, 1858.

HARRY, Lockport, N. Y.—1. J. C. Heenan was born in West Troy. 2. He would not be eligible to the Presidency.

READER, N. Y.—It would cost A but 25 cents to see the blind in such a case.

BLUE JACKET, U. S. S. Princeton.—Heenan and the Staleybridge did not go on a sparring tour.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.—A. T. S. is not the wealthiest man in this city.

WM. AMIDEN, Carroll Prison, Washington, D. C.—One mile in 2:19¾ secs.

JAMES C., U. S. S. Alabama, Beaufort, N. C.—The fare from Baltimore to Washington one year ago was $1.50.

CROTCH, Albany.—If A led the ace of hearts, and B had no trumps, he (B) must play a heart if he has one.

GEO. W. GAYNER, Washington.—Your subscription expires with No. 52 of the present vol.

GEO. W. CHAFFEE, Victory Mills, N. Y.—Your subscription money has not yet reached us.

J. B., Detroit, Mich.—See notice to advertisers in another column.

POUGHKEEPSIE.—We are not quite sure, but are of opinion that Grant has.

CONSTANT READER.—Address a letter to John Cooper, Secretary of the Club, care of Military Hall, Bowery.

A. S. P.—Will appear.

RUBY, Philadelphia.—C is entitled to the pitch.

E. M. P., Louisville.—Mailed you a letter on the 8th.

JOHN M. S.—Don't understand your question.

JACK PERCY.—Accepted.

J. H., Haverhill.—Received too late to be used in our last.

J. B.—The Prairie Chicken is not a brother of Joe Coburn's

SIDNEY P., Co. K, 50th N. Y. V., Washington.—Not in our line.

YOUNG AMERICA, Troy, N. Y.—See answer to Smiggy Maglural.

NED WHITE, Columbus.—Your subscription expired with No. 29.

TURFITE, Troy.—By Flora Temple in 2:19¾.

F. Q., Danbury, Ct.—We believe they are reliable.

BUBOO, Troy, N. Y.—Bob is right.

G. D., New York.—It depends on the bye-laws of the club.

P. L. T., Providence, R. I.—B wins.

A. LINCOLN AND GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.—Now that the election is decided, and we have a large lot of the above portraits on hand, we propose to send one plate containing the above distinguished personages to every lady and her friends in the land, without money or price. This is the last chance. Send on at once your address, and the address of all your friends. Direct to W. R. MERWIN, No. 63 Liberty street, N. Y. 1t

POLICY PLAYING AND LOTTERIES.

IT is only when a man becomes posted in the ways of the world that he can fully appreciate the beauties of policy playing. His musical tastes are cultivated by lessons which he receives. "Trust to luck" becomes familiar to his ears, and his pocket-book is often emptied to the tune of "A dollar or two." It is then he learns "Jordan is a hard road to travel;" but, should he happen to be successful, he usually contents himself with "Some one to love." He becomes aware, also, that animals have qualities for which he had never given them credit. One horse, he is informed, can draw four gigs, and in every gig there are three saddles. "What a beast!" he exclaims; but when he is told that a horse should, of rights, have six saddles, he begins to think he will purchase one or two of them. His speculation, however, seldom pays, for the horse usually runs away with the gigs, and he has to put up with a common saddle. He looks at the saddle, turns it over, examines its make, and should competent judges declare it to be a capital one, why he immediately disposes of it. New York abounds in policy shops, and policy players are almost as plentiful as the desert sands. On every day but Sunday the schemes of three lotteries are offered for the inspection of the public, and old and young invest their "little pile" in the hope of making a speedy fortune. We speak now of those offices which combine the selling of lottery tickets with their ostensible business. They are situated on our principal thoroughfares, and are crowded from 8 A. M. until 11:30 A. M., and from 1:30 P. M. to 4:30 P. M., with a host of people all anxious to get rid of their superfluous cash. Three lotteries are announced for the morning and three for the evening. The names of these lotteries are Kentucky, Shelby, and Library. The drawings take place at 12 M. and 6 P. M. respectively. We know not whether they are regularly done, but we know that some of the customers are. The prices of tickets range from one to ten dollars, good for twelve months from date. For every one dollar lottery there are quarter tickets, but for every ten dollar scheme as low as an "eighth" is sold. These tickets are printed on narrow strips of paper, and inform you that the whole undertaking is "authorized by the Legislature of the State of Kentucky." In the body of the document are the number of the class, the date of the month, the three numbers which you have selected, and the words, "This ticket will entitle the holder to such prize as may be drawn to its numbers, if demanded within twelve months after the drawing, subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent, payable forty days after the drawing." This seems fair enough, and if the numbers come out, why you may obtain about fifty times the amount that has been expended; if not, you can whistle the good old opera air of "It is better to Laugh than to be Sighing." In these offices people of all ages congregate and smile and joke, whilst the worthy proprietor, mounted upon his high stool, disposes of his goods to the eager buyers. Merchants from the country rush in and purchase a few tickets in the hope of procuring a larger quantity of articles for their stores; office boys, from ten to twelve years of age, seek to increase their wages, and even ministers have been known to take an interest in this great folly of the day. Money easily won is quickly spent, and that is the reason why we see persons who yesterday were as poor as "Job's turkey," to-day dazzling the eyes with gaudy chains and diamond rings, and strutting their brief hour on the stage of life. "Money makes the mare go" is changed to "Lottery makes the mare go." New faces, elegant wagons and fast horses suddenly appear on the road to McComb's dam. Many a fortune has been lost and many a fortune has been won; and so it will go on as long as persons can be found silly enough to take their chances.

For policy playing no printed tickets are required; the numbers are simply written with ink on all the odd pieces of paper that can be scraped together. From 75 to 78 numbers are placed in the wheel, and out of these from 12 to 15 numbers are drawn both morning and night. A play of four numbers is called a "horse," such as 15, 28, 48, 62—and for every cent invested the lucky player receives $6.40. Should, however, only three of these numbers come out he receives nothing. A "gig" consists of three numbers, and in every horse there are four "gigs," such as 15, 28, 42; 62, 15, 28; 48, 62, 15, and 28, 48, 62. For every cent invested in a "gig," the player receives from twelve to eighteen shillings, according as it has been determined upon by the managers. A "saddle" consists of two numbers, and in every horse there are six "saddles," such as 15, 28—48, 62—28, 48—15, 62—28, 62—15, 48. The lucky individual who has invested a cent in a "saddle" obtains thirty-two cents. Numbers can at all times be played on in the order which they are drawn, and draw accordingly a higher prize. Suppose you think that 9 is the first number, and spend a cent on it. Should it turn out to be a fact, you may put in your pocket the small amount of sixty cents. Two numbers coming out in the first three numbers drawn are called a "capital saddle," and are worth $5 for every cent invested. Should the number be fixed—say, for instance, 9 the first number drawn, and 16 the third—your "capital saddle" changes to a "stationed saddle," and your $5 are immediately increased to $8. "Daying a number" is simply playing that a particular number will come out somewhere in the drawing. The modest sum of five cents is given for every cent disposed of in this manner. As soon as the drawings are made, the numbers are transmitted by telegraph to the managers in this city, who have them printed on paper and distributed by means of messengers among the various offices. Each piece of paper so printed is called a "slip," and is supposed to contain the true numbers, for the drawings are in all cases sworn to by Commissioners appointed by the State in which they take place. Lottery and policy-playing seems to be an easy way of making money, but when we consider that there are sixty-five numbers on an average to every number drawn—sixty-five chances to one—all the romance is taken out of it, and we are brought down to the stern reality. Those who have no great taste for music should content themselves with whistling "That's the way the money goes," "Pop goes the weasel." Dreams are believed to have an influence on all drawings, and dream-books consequently become the constant companion of most all regular players. None of these books are alike, and yet they are eagerly sought after by hundreds of men, women, and children, who play the numbers which they find attached to the various objects which fancy has created from their o'erwrought brains. Those who have partaken of a late supper have better dreams than those who have eaten nothing, and consequently have more numbers to play. Suppose you dreamed of being murdered; and suppose that it played 28, 42; suppose you played them in a capital saddle, and suppose they came out, would you like to experience the same feeling on another occasion? For our part, we think that the sensations created by dreaming that we were being branded with a red-hot iron would hardly be compensated for by drawing a prize of eighteen shillings. To sum up in a few words, there is more money lost than won by players as a general rule, yet day in and day out thousands of persons, of all classes and conditions, rush to the lottery and policy offices, and "take the chances."

SKATING.—This healthy exercise will be much indulged in this season should the ice be lasting and firm. Our numerous skating ponds are being put in order for the reception of Jack Frost, dealers in skates are advertising their stocks in trade, and everybody at all interested in the glorious winter amusement is putting his or her best foot forward in anticipation of a lively season. With the advent of skaters on the lake at Central Park, there will be an extraordinary *furore*, and those who wish to see life on the ice in all its phases will have the opportunity afforded them. Among those who have all the latest skate appliances and improvements, are Messrs. Woodham & Winans, of 424 Broadway. In years gone by, we had nothing but the narrow strap with which to fasten the skate to the foot, and which, by interfering with a free circulation of the blood, made the feet cold and painful, and the whole body uncomfortable. Now, however, things are different; the late improvements in skates and skate fastenings leave the feet in their natural state, without any injurious pressure, and the skater can move about unconstrainedly, without any of those drawbacks which used to rob him of half his enjoyment. Get your skates in readiness for the "first ice," which we may look for at any moment.

KEHOE AS A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.—John W. Farmer was considered a philanthropist when he fed the hungry in the dead of winter, and many blessed him therefor; but we should say that the inventor of a preventive against sickness is even more of a public benefactor than he who gives of his wealth to the poor. Mr. Kehoe belongs to this class of our citizens, for by the use of his highly commended Indian clubs many are rescued from an untimely grave. None deny the advantages of exercise, and to those who haven't time to attend gymnasia, a single set of clubs will answer every purpose, as a child can use them, and they occupy but a very small space in the household. James T. Brady, Edwin James, Dudley Kavanagh, Billiard Champion; Alderman Michael Norton, G. H. Walker, James Hamill, Aquatic Champion; John C. Maloney, of Buffalo; Fred S. Massey, of Brooklyn; John C. Heenan, Joe Coburn, Ed. Bussell, Quitzow Brothers, of Brooklyn; Con Fitzgerald, David Dorian, Harry Hill, Jos. Foote, and other representative men bear testimony to their economy, usefulness and health-giving properties. Order at once from S. D. Kehoe, Box 4810 P. O., New York. Instruction given by Prof. Dermody. Parties outside New York can have directions sent if so desired.

A BIG BILLIARD CHALLENGE.—Excitement is at a very low ebb in regard to professional billiard playing in this city just now, and not even the expected forthcoming match for the United States Championship appears to have any effect towards bringing it up to high water mark. The reasons for this state of things lay principally with the professionals themselves, we opine, as there is a suspicious kind of under current running, the direction of which we are trying to discover, and when we do we shall snap it down on the CLIPPER, and, if aught is wrong, somebody will be in danger of getting a ducking. Whether the prevailing stagnation in regard to things billiardical will be in any wise quickened by the following challenge from Goldthwait remains to be seen; but our opinion is that the public will look with a suspicious eye upon a *deft* of its kind thrown out just on the eve of a match for the Championship, in which he is to be one of the principals. What whale is expected to be caught by this smelt, eh? Enough for the present, however, while we here present the

BIG CHALLENGE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5, 1864.—185 6th avenue.

I hereby challenge any billiard player in America, except Kavanagh, whom I am already matched against, to play the American four-ball carom game on a Phelan & Collender four pocket table, 1000 or 1500 points up, with 2⅜-inch balls, for $2500 a side. This challenge remains open six months from date.

WM. GOLDTHWAIT.

BALLOONING EXTRAORDINARY.—A remarkable aerial ascension and descension took place in Philadelphia on the 6th inst. Professor Lowe, accompanied by several friends ascended in a balloon from an enclosure at 15th and Coates street. In about one hour they came down at Willow Grove, about fourteen miles north of the city. The party remained there until dark, when they cut loose again, and after sailing through the air some time, landed at 15th and Coates street, in the identical spot from which they first started. This is certainly a noteworthy occurrence, and as such we give it a place in our record of curious performances.

SLEIGHING AND SKATING.—These winter sports which find so much favor with the young bloods of both sexes, have been indulged in to a limited extent during the past two or three days, the recent fall of snow and "frosty spell" having put the smaller ponds and suburban roads in fix therefor. Should the now prevailing frosty weather continue, we may look for lively times on the various skating ponds, the Central Park in particular, during the approaching holidays. Curling will soon also be in vogue, and we doubt not that the bonnie Scotchmen are getting their stones in readiness for the curling campaign of 1864-5. All right, summer sports are ended, let winter games begin.

"TRUMPS' AMERICAN HOYLE" is the title of a book containing rules for a great variety of games, and instructions for playing the same. It is intended as an American authority, and is a great improvement on the old English Hoyle. It is handsomely gotten up, printed on good paper, 12 mo. 500 pages, and sold at $2. After a more thorough and careful perusal we may give a more critical notice of the same; we are safe, however, in advising every sportsman to purchase a copy, as it is evidently well worth the money. Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, N. Y. are the publishers.

THINKS OF COMING OUT.—It is hinted that Jem Mace, ex-champion of England, thinks of coming over to America on a professional visit. If James will take our advice, he will defer his proposed visit to a more auspicious opportunity, for we do not believe his visit would prove as profitable or satisfactory at present as it might have proved some few years ago. Mace had better think well about it before starting for this "blarsted country."

LITTLE STORY.—President Lincoln got off his annual story last week, with great *eclat*. It has the merit of being short and to the point, with a moral lesson aimed at Jefferson Davis and all "those whom it may concern." The gist of the President's last is, that peace will follow as soon as those who began the war lay down their arms. Its a good thing, and if we could spare the room we'd give the whole of it.

"FOLLOWING THE DRUM," a war novel, is one of the more recent publications of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, price 50 cents. As the authoress is the wife of Brig.-Gen. E. L. Viele, who should know whereof she writes; and, as war is an all-absorbing topic just now, the work in question should have a large sale.

THANKS to Mr. J. L. Lingard for a rifle "picked up on the field of battle." In the language of receivers of complimentary swords, "it never will be sheathed as long as there is a rebel to subdue."

HOW TO CURE A FELON.—Give him twenty years in the State Prison.

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE PAST TROTTING SEASON.

As the trotting season of the year 1864 is now over, a retrospective glance at its most important events and noticeable features may not be without interest, at the present time, to the lovers of fast horses and the patrons of the trotting turf. Successful beyond precedent, alike in the quantity and quality of the sport which it has produced, the season of 1864 will long be remembered as being associated with the *debuts*, upon the turf, of some of the fastest trotters of the day, as well as the most exciting contests of the present century. We allude, of course, to the memorable races between the world-famous trotters, General Butler, Robert Fillingham, Lady Emma and Prince, and the opening career of such promising young fast horses as Dexter, Bruno and Commodore Vanderbilt. Of the three tracks on Long Island, the Fashion and the Union courses are the only two on which there has been any trotting—the Centreville having been devoted to racing purposes only during the past summer.

The Union Course was the first to commence the season of 1864—the first trot for the proprietor's purse taking place as early as the 14th of April. In the race there were but two starters—J. D. McMann's b. g., Cardinal, and the late Alderman McMahon's br. m., Sally-Come-Up—the other two entries being absentees. This produced a capital race, four heats being trotted before the judges gave their decision in favor of the mare. A week afterwards, the same horses trotted again in a similar race and on the same course, and again the brown mare proved the winner, although not until six heats had been trotted—Cardinal winning the two first. The latter horse showed such decided improvement in form that when, a week afterwards, he beat the bay mare, Lady Blake, after a clipping race, his owner, James McMann, sold him to Mr. Louis Petty, the owner of Lady Emma, for $1500.

The Fashion Course Association commenced their season a week after the Union, and the first three races resulted in a most extraordinary manner. In the first race of mile heats in harness, the starters were Stonewall Jackson, Frank, Cosette, and General Grant—the latter coming on the turf with a high private reputation. Stonewall Jackson distanced the whole field in 2:34. The following week, in the race, to wagons, against General Grant and Lady Collins, he repeated the performance in 2:45, and again, the ensuing week, in harness, he distanced General Grant and Lady Collins in 2:34½-2:36½—a performance hitherto unparalleled in the history of the turf.

The death of the celebrated stallion, George N. Patchen, about this time, cannot be passed over unnoticed. This event occurred on the 1st of May, at Snediker's stables, Union Course, L. I., where the horse was then standing. His owner, Mr. Waltermire, about two weeks before, had issued a challenge, offering to match him against any horse in the world, in races of mile and two mile heats, for $1000 a side each race. The horse was then in the full enjoyment of lusty health, and a continued career of success and fame might naturally have been anticipated for him. The cause of his sudden death was rupture, accelerated materially by incompetent veterinary skill. Patchen was confessedly the fastest trotting stallion that ever trod the American turf, and his record of fast time in his class is the brightest in the annals of trotting. His great matches against the famous New England stallion, Ethan Allen; the renowned "Queen of the trotting turf," Flora Temple; and the celebrated black gelding, General Butler; will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them.

The Fashion Course, Long Island, on May 4th, witnessed the *debut* of the young Hambletonian gelding, Dexter, whose great private reputation for speed had preceded him. He was the property of Mr. George Alley, who had purchased him before he was broken for the sum of $400. There were twelve entries in the race, but only three of them, Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins and General Grant, put in an appearance, the others being scared away by the fame of the dark youngster, Dexter. The latter had been trained by the old Fieldmarshal, Hiram Woodruff, and was brought on the track as fine as a star. He justified the high opinion entertained of his merits by winning in three straight heats in excellent time, considering the state of the track and the weather, for a green horse; the fastest heat being won in 2:33. A week afterwards he made his second appearance on the Union Course, and with equal success. Numerous were the offers at this time to purchase the promising youngster, but without success, although it was alleged $10,000 would have been paid for him. He increased his reputation still more by defeating, with consummate ease, a week afterwards, the well known fast Hambletonian gelding Shark, and the gray mare Lady Shannon, on the Fashion Course, in three straight heats, in 2:33; 2:33; 2:30, and two days afterwards walked over for a $300 purse and stake on the Union Course, his presence frightening away the other horses entered—Lady Ella, Lady Collins and the Doty mare. His next appearance was in a wagon race, mile heats, for a purse of $200, on the Fashion Course, when, cutting his knee in the first heat, he hurt himself so severely that he was at once withdrawn, Shark, who had previously succumbed to him on the same course, proving the victor. Mr. Alley immediately withdrew the game little horse from training, and turned him out. He will no doubt be heard of again during the ensuing season.

Passing over a number of minor trotting events, and noticing only the most important, the match for $2,500, mile heats, between Mr. William Mead's s. g. Dan Mace, better known as "Sorrel Dan," and Mr. H. E. Beckwith's (of Hartford) b. g. Prince, next claims our attention. The latter had previously established his claim to be regarded as one of the best horses on the trotting turf by doing his mile in 2:24. In this match he had the able aid of Hiram Woodruff as driver, but he was evidently not up to his usual mark, as the sorrel gelding beat him in three straight heats, the time in each case being over the thirties. Such a performance augured little for his ability to achieve his subsequent great performance on the Fashion Course, of beating the three famous trotting cracks, Robert Fillingham, General Butler and John Morgan.

The Union Course, on June 1st, was the scene of the most exciting trot of the season, up to this time, the occasion being a sweepstake and purse of $1300, mile heats, between the famous little Philadelphia mare, May Queen, the handsome Bashaw mare, Lady Emma, and the sorrel gelding, Dan Mace; the other two entries, Lancet, and Keystone (who had died suddenly a few days before) being scratched. It was the first time that the slashing chestnut mare, Lady Emma, had appeared in public since her great wagon race with Jilt, on the Fashoin, Mr. Louis Petty, who purchased her immediately after that race, having kept her quiet up to this time. The little mare, May Queen, whose style of going forcibly reminded the spectator of the "Empress of the turf," Flora Temple, came from Philadelphia with a great reputation, and her friends were very sanguine of her maintaining it on the classic soil of Long Island. Dan Mace had also a strong party of adherents, and the betting was both extensive and heavy. Thanks to the driving of the old Fieldmarshal, Hiram Woodruff, the beautiful daughter of Jupiter carried off the prize in three straight heats, in 2:27¼; 2:27¼; 2:29¾, May Queen taking second honors.

The Fashion Course Association Purses, of $1000 each, with an inside stake of $250 each, mile heats, in harness and to wagon, produced the most interesting contest of the season. The entries were Robert Fillingham, General Butler and John Morgan, contessedly the three most renowned and fastest trotters now on the American turf. The first race came off on the 15th of June, and the betting was enormously heavy, as may be judged from the fact that the Fillingham party alone stood to lose $35000 on the race. The first two heats were won by Robert Fillingham, but the judges distanced him in the third heat on account of the foul driving of Sam McLoughlan, who handled the reins over him, and the heat was given to John Morgan. The fourth and fifth heats were won by General Butler, John Morgan breaking down and being distanced in the last heat. The black gelding was consequently declared the winner of the race; the time was 2:26, 2:25¾, 2:24, 2:33¾, 2:31¾. The second race, a week afterwards, for a similar purse and stake, was to wagons, John Morgan, not having recovered from the break-down of the previous race, being withdrawn from the contest. In this race, the brown Hambletonian stallion retrieved the laurels which his incompetent driver had caused him to lose before, for he beat his previous victor, General Butler, in three straight heats, in 2:26¾, 2:31, 2:27¾. The offer of Mr. Simmons, his owner, to match Fillingham against Butler for $5,000 or $10,000 a side, at mile heats, in harness or to wagon, met with no response from Mr. Genet, the owner of the latter. A few weeks later, at the Saratoga race-meeting, John Morrissey offered to match a horse against General Butler for $5,000 a-side, two miles and rep-at, in harness, and, the offer being accepted, he named Robert Fillingham, the race being fixed to come off in September on the Fashion Course.

The only other subsequent events of importance that came off in the summer trotting season were the matches between Mr. Gillman's Baby Belle and Mr. Lorillard's Port Royal, for $2,000 each, at mile and two mile heats, the former winning both; the race for $500 between Mr. Gillman's brown stallion, Toronto Chief, and Mr. Marshall's bay gelding, Shark, which the former won; and the race between Dan Mace and Tartar, in which the former was the winner. With these events the summer trotting season for 1864 was brought to a conclusion. In a future issue we intend giving a *resume* of the fall trotting.

TROTTING AGAINST TIME.—On Monday, Dec. 5th, at Washington Park, R. I., came off a match against time for $1,000, sixteen miles to be trotted within the hour in harness. Mr. Albert Wheeler's brown mare Fanny Buff performed this feat in 2m. 31s. less than the prescribed time. She made the sixteen miles in 57m. 29s. John Henry was the driver. The last mile was the fastest, having been covered by the mare in 3:16.

THE RING.

THE HICKEY TESTIMONIAL.

OWING to its being the night before election, Hickey's benefit at the Stuyvesant on the 5th inst., was not so well attended as we know it would have been on almost any other evening, but still the seats were pretty generally filled. In the crowd we observed Lieut. Col. Harry Finnegas, Izzy Lazarus and his two sons, Harry and Johnny,

battle for the British championship, which will, he thinks, prevent such a thing as a fight with Coburn, where he will, we think, find himself disappointed. If ever Jem does come, we'll bet a big stake that the fact of his being matched with Marsden or Wormald, whoever the winner of the next fight may be, won't make two straws difference one way or the other in interfering in a match between him and Coburn. He can get no credit by whipping either of the above named big 'uns, and, besides, the amount to be contended for with either of them is but a small figure to the sum he could get behind him were he to make a match with Coburn, in which case it could as well be made for $5000 a side as $1000, or even more, if Mace's friends in this country so desire it. Everybody wants to see or hear of Mace and Coburn having a fair stand up fight, and if they do fight, we think the match would create an excitement almost equal to the Heenan and Sayer's contest, especially if it takes place on Canadian soil, as it would be out of all reason to expect Mace to fight anywhere on this side except Canada or some other part of the Queen's possessions in America. To bring about a "consummation so devoutly to be wished for," there are plenty of sporting men in this country who would subscribe the amount to be fought for on behalf of Mace, let it be ever so high, and the match once made, *bona fide*, with say not less than $1,000 a side put down for the first deposit, Mace could earn for himself a snug little pile by starring it in all our leading cities and towns before going into training, and after the fight he could go over the same ground again with the same success. If he comes determined *not* to fight, his career will not be a very remunerative one, he may depend, but for the sake of redeeming his own character we have little doubt but that he will fight. At any rate, the moment he puts his foot on dry land, Coburn will be ready to make the match without an hour's delay, and put down as much money to bind the same as the Britisher may desire. Here is a fine chance for Mace to distinguish himself, and as he is not devoid of ambition, it is thought that he will seek the honor of being the first British champion with sufficient nerve to leave his own country to do battle with an American. Mace has nothing to lose, but everything to gain by such a move, and by his fighting Coburn in Canada he would have an equal number of friends and, per consequence, would get fair play. Coburn will guarantee him this before making the match, as it is his wish, and the wish of his friends, to see the battle decided on its merits. Will he come?

ONE SIDED RING FIGHT IN ALBANY.

BILLY CROW, a gallant young Albanian carpenter, and a countryman named Barney Fredendale who, it is said, has figured twice before in the P. R., had a fight for a $100 purse, on the 7th inst., at Blackman's Bush, Albany, which was won by Crow. Crow was waited upon by Jim Vedrick and a friend, while Hershberg and Simon Nausbum looked to the interest of the verdant youth. They were both upon the ground at the appointed time, viz., 8 o'clock, and eager for the fray. In the first round, Crow had just got his maulers in shape, when greeny ducked his head and made a rush, but got a nasty one on the horn, which caused him to take a seat. In the second round, Crow was to the scratch first. Barney came up slowly, and his nose looked as though it had been put on warm, and had spread all over his face. He made a rush as before, and got on Billy's right lug, and made him resemble a man trying to hear from Gen. Sherman, but recovering himself instantly, he shot out his left hammer and caught greeny on the chin, and fetched him to his set-down. In the third and last round, after a great deal of argument on the part of Hersberg, his second, Barney ventured up again, and caught a round hand hit, which made him sneeze, and his friends threw up the sponge in token of defeat. The result was that Billy won the three important events, viz., first blood, first knock down, and the fight. His friends feel so jubilant over the termination of the affair, that they are anxious to match him again with Barney, if the latter desires it.

CAPTAIN NORTON ELECTED ALDERMAN.—Michael Norton, or Crow, as he is more familiarly called, in spite of the spiteful slanders and Billingsgate written against him by the press generally, and the stories invented to implicate him in disorderly conduct previous to the charter election, has, we rejoice to be able to say, been elected to the high and honorable position of Alderman of the Third Aldermanic District, in the face of the liveliest opposition, and having to contend against popular men of both Democratic and Republican principles. Mr. Norton ran last year against John Henry, one of the best men in the district, but failed to come out ahead. His chances were so good, however, that he concluded to try again this year, and this time his perseverance has been rewarded with success. The sporting fraternity worked every minute, and worked hard for him, and Theodore Allen and Joe Coburn, whom we hardly ever knew to agree on any subject, were, for Crow, as one man, united and indivisible. To show the interest felt in his success, the veteran, Tom O'Donnell obtained leave of absence from the hospital to vote for his friend Norton, and in company with Coburn and one of our reporters, was conveyed in a carriage to the polling place, where he put in a good Norton vote. The same interest was felt among all the big sports for his success, and now that he is elected, we expect to find him henceforth rising step by step until he fulfills higher and more important offices. Norton is a man of sound, practical common sense, not devoid of education, and he will, we trust, set an example to his brother aldermen, and thus earn the respect and esteem of those who were most embittered against him. Below stooping to a mean action, high minded, honorable, and gentlemanly, Alderman Norton will yet prove that a sporting man has as much the interest of our citizens at heart as others who wear the cloak which they throw off whenever it suits them so to do. We crow over this, because we have a right to crow.

DISMISSED THE SERVICE.—We are sorry to learn that Colonel John A. Nelson, who was once matched against Johnny Mackey, has been dismissed the service of the United States, on the following grounds of complaint, according to General Orders No. 33.

"*First*—That Nelson is of very limited general education: *Second*—That he is grossly deficient in his knowledge of tactics and regulations, both as to the general principles and the *minutiæ*. *Third*—That his conduct as an officer has been improper since his arrest. *Fourth*—That large numbers of negroes were impressed by the officers under Nelson's command, and that he, himself, punished those negroes that did not consent to elist, until they did enlist; and that Nelson was grossly and culpably negligent, in not preventing such impressment; and the Board further finds, that Nelson is not qualified for his position as Colonel."

These findings were approved, and Colonel John A. Nelson, of the Tenth United States colored troops, was ordered to be mustered out of the service, and ceased to be an officer from March 17th, 1864; and said John A. Nelson, having been ordered by General Order, No. 4, of the current series, to be dismissed the service, because of the impressment of colored men into his regiment, which dismissal was directed by the President to be reinvestigated, and he having again been found guilty by this Board, said order was again published, and carried into effect. By command of Major General B. F. BUTLER.

R. S. DAVIS,
Major and Assistant Adjutant General.

TWICE MORE A WINNER.—"It never rains but it pours" is an old proverb, oft-quoted by the wise men of all ages, when windfalls come unexpectedly upon dwellers in this mundane sphere. Thos. C. Burns, of the Nautilus Branch, belongs to this mundane sphere, and, whereas, it was only ten days ago that he won the noted road-horse, Trojan (approved by ring-master, Ed Wilson), together with a complete sleighing turn-out, harness, sleigh, etc., we have now to state that, two nights afterwards, he won a beautiful and costly sable mink robe, which was raffled for, and valued at $1,000—likewise a life-size oil-painting of Gen. McClellan, worth $150, on the same evening and at the same place, which may now be seen at his little Mint, No. 1 Barclay street. This is a streak of luck unusual for Tommy, and, for that reason, his friends will be the more pleased to hear of it. One of the old sports has said, and said wisely, that "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, when taken at the flood, leads to fortune," and to us it seems that neighbor Burns is now with the tide, and, being an "old aquatic sport," (half-a-century has gone over his head, young as he looks) there is little danger of him losing his reckoning. *On dit*, as the French say, Coburn is having a couple of window-shades gotten up, representing himself and Burns indulging in a sleigh-ride behind Trojan, which will soon be placed in the windows of the White House.

SPARRING IN BUFFALO.—Barney Duffey gave an exhibition at Dean Wilson's saloon, corner of Eagle and Washington streets, under St. James' Hall, on Saturday evening, Dec. 3, which was well attended, as Barney, who has been sojourning in Buffalo for a month or so, had made many friends there. The principal acts to were between Molineux the Black, of Chicago, and Charley Sanders, of Toronto; Johnny O'Connell and Stud Horse Jack; and the Gipsey Brothers. Then followed clog and jig dancing by Teddy O'Brien and Jimmy Tilby. After which more sparring by Billy Martin and Frank Wright, Chicago Billy and Fish, and for the wind-up Barney Duffey and Young Swift, which was an exciting affair all through. After the box, Duffey challenged Swift to fight him in Canada for from $100 to $500 a side, to which Swift responded, and it is thought a match will yet come out of it. Molineux was expected to take a benefit some night this week, with Sam Davis (not the Boss Bowler), and the Black to conclude the festivities. Young Swift, who is very anxious to be matched, is stopping with the Wilson Brothers.

THE CON OREM AND HUGH O'NEIL MATCH.—From the numerous "cards" issued by John Condie since he left this city, offering to fight anybody who didn't wear crutches, regardless of avordupois or bulk, portions of his letter to O'Neill don't read exactly like Orem's writing, but we are assured that the document is genuine in every iota. "Stag his nibs," as the showfolks say:—

VIRGINIA CITY, Montana Ter., Oct. 10th, 1864.

In answer to Hugh O'Neil's challenge, I have only to say it was not my intention to seek further honors in the P. R. If such had been my desire, I would have gone East; but if O'Neil must have a fight, and means business, although he is some fifty pounds heavier than I am, and would have to come down that much, according to the rules of the ring; yet if he will call upon me, I will make two matches with him, catch weights—one, a glove fight for $500 a side, and a ring fight for $1000 a side, open for $5000—money ready at any moment. If this offer is not accepted within a fortnight, I will not receive or accept any further challenge, as it is my wish to follow my business undisturbed, and to live as a private citizen. Yours, etc., JOHN C. OREM.

SPORT IN CALIFORNIA.—A dog fight took place on Guy Fawkes day at Con Mooney's pit, corner of Commercial and Kearney streets, San Francisco (Jim Cusick's old place), between the celebrated dogs Stinker and Sport, Burdut, the owner of Stinker, betting $300 against Johnny Walker's $250 on Sport. The fight lasted two hours and nineteen minutes, Sport winning. Stinker died the same night and Sport died the following night; but still there are plenty left of the same sort to accommodate all that comes along. San Francisco is very lively at present in the way of sport; cock fighting till you can't rest, twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday nights, and is kept up "till daylight doth appear." By-the-way, they have a very superior lot of game fowls in San Francisco, and owned by the right sort of men—fair, honorable sporting gentlemen—such as Con Mooney, Geo. Parkinson, Mike O'Brien, Bill Clark, Mike Heffran, Jack Mahon and a host of others.

THE VETERAN O'DONNELL, who has been so ill for the past month or two, was out for the first time on election day to put in a vote for Captain Norton; and we trust that by next Thursday, the 23d, he will be well enough to show at the complimentary benefit being gotten up for him on that evening at the Stuyvesant. In his day, Tom O'Donnell was able for anything at 148 lbs. or so, and for seven years, after his double victory over Ford, nobody cared to face him in the ring. Being one of the old sports, we may look for many of the companions of his youth at the exhibition. We can guarantee a first-class entertainment, as none but first-raters will be allowed to put the gloves on. Davis, the Californian, will be there, and set-to with Coburn, when we expect the conqueror of Daley will let himself out and do his best. Coburn will also spar with some other big man during the evening, and the whole affair will be a treat of no ordinary kind.

SERENADE TO AN ALDERMAN ELECT.—Captain Michael Norton, alderman elect of the third aldermanic district, comprising parts of the fifth, eighth, and third wards, was serenaded at his residence in Grand Street, between Sullivan and Varick, on the evening of the 7th inst., by Mannahan's Band. The affair was doubly harmonious with the music, and the Alderman, not unprepared for the honor, had an unlimited supply of the vintage and eatables of all descriptions, to which ample justice was done. On "the health of Alderman Norton" being proposed by Jacob R. Roome, the Captain responded in a few happy remarks, thanking his friends warmly for their interest in his behalf. Among the serenading party were J. R. Roome, Ed. Hamilton, Theo. Allen, Reilly, the two Murrays, Kehoe, & Co.

A SPORTING MAN ASSAULTED AND ROBBED.—Jim Hunter, of 76 Fulton street, Brooklyn, was assaulted and robbed on the evening of the 1st inst., while proceeding from his store to his country residence at Canarsie, L. I., in a wagon. The highway robbers took a gold watch and $250 in greenbacks, in addition to which, Jim was severely handled by the mercenary wretches. If convicted, and the thieves get the benefit of coming before Judge Russell, they will have plenty of time to consider their ways, as in the case of Hennessey, the first highway robber on the calendar, lately sent up for twenty "stretches" and six "moons." People have little sympathy for would-be assassins and highway robbers, and it is necessary that Brooklyn should have an example set, as has been done in this city.

JIM HEENAN IN BUFFALO.—The Buffalo Opera House was leased for one night only, Saturday, Dec. 10th, by Jim Heenan, to give the Buffalonians a treat in the way of sparring and gymnastics. The show was well advertised, among the names being those of Prof. Whitney and Milege Cornell, of this city; Sam. Gainsley and P. Cusick, of Buffalo, and David Dorian, the wonderful dumb-bell performer. The entertainment was to conclude with a grand display of science by Prof. Perkins, of Rochester, and Jim Heenan, all for fifty cents.

PUBLIC SPARRING.—Now that the long, cold winter nights have set in, we don't know how young men so disposed can better amuse themselves than by indulging in a little sparring occasionally, for it's a sure thing to drive sickness away and create an appetite. In view of this, Johnny Lazarus, of the California Exchange, has thrown open his grand ball room for public sparring on Monday and Saturday evenings, which will be under the superintendence of Jack Lazarus and his Kid. Free use of gloves, clubs and dumb-bells.

THE TROJAN RAFFLE.—In mentioning this affair, last week, we unintentionally substituted another Christian name for the popular host of the Waverly Hotel, who, as everybody ought to know, is Mr. Geo. W. Jenkins, than whom a more jovial host can not be found on the Bloomingdale Road. We can assure Mr. Jenkins that nothing personal was intended in calling him out of his name, but it was an error. George knows as well as we do that "mistakes occur in the best regulated families," and newspapers are no exception to the general rule.

DRUMGOOLE'S BENEFIT.—Johnny Drumgoole, who has figured thrice in the P. R., with Stockey in Richmond; Joe Graham, in Williamsburgh; Hen Duffy, in Weehawken, and others, is up for a benefit at the Stuyvesant Institute, under the auspices of Rockey Moore and the leading Houston street sports, together with his old pals up town, who will all take an interest in helping to fill the house. The affair takes place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 14th, and for the wind up the services of Pat Cronin have been engaged.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.—Sunday, 4th inst., being the birthday of little Dick Hollywood, when he was twenty years old, a number of his friends assembled at the CLIPPER Shades, 40 East Broadway, where a dinner was served up with an unlimited supply of wine to wash it down. Among the host's friends were Ned Lancaster, of Philadelphia, Mr. Mulligan, of Albany, Tommy Trainer, and fighting Johnny Duffey of this city, with about twenty others. Joe McCabe favored the company with several fine songs, and the whole party had a good time generally.

DUNN AND DWYER.—These men, according to articles, are to fight to-morrow (Tuesday, Dec. 13th) in the State of Pennsylvania, but whether or not the arrest of Dwyer, as announced in our last issue, will prevent his putting in an appearance, we have been unable to learn. Dwyer has taken good care to avoid his training quarters since he was nabbed, and has kept himself as secluded as a hermit. There was a rumor that Dunn had also been nailed, but it lacks confirmation. What will be done about it we can't tell till both parties have met together.

IN AGAIN.—Peter Masterson, the popular foreman of Black Joke engine, endorsed by Toppy Maguire and most of the up town sports, has, as we anticipated, been re-elected Alderman of the Banner Ward. He had four or five others to contend against, including John Makewen, now keeping Fred Falkland's old place, but who ran very poorly, and Peter came out ahead of them all. "Blood will tell."

BILL DAVIS AMONG THE QUAKERS.—Wm. M. Davis, the California hero, now in Philadelphia, gives an exhibition there on Friday evening, Dec. 16, when he will be assisted by Con Fitzgerald and other New York celebrities, together with all the fancy of Old Filly. Everybody seems willing to help Davis along, and his prospects of a good house are very flattering. His benefit over, he will return to this city in time to set-to with Coburn at Tom O'Donnell's benefit.

DREW HIS MONEY.—Joe Coburn has drawn the $100 left with us a fortnight ago to make good a challenge, the same having been at our office a couple of weeks without eliciting a response from any quarter. All Joe wants now is for Mace to come to this country, when he expects and will demand the first chance with Master Jem.

DIDN'T GET ELECTED.—Stephen Roberts, the celebrated boat builder and patron of aquatics, ran for Councilman up town at the charter election, but, unfortunately, lost the race. Stephen was entered rather late in the day—otherwise the result might have been different.

FIGHTING COLORS.—Johnny Lazarus has a rare collection of "fogies," formerly belonging to some of the most celebrated fighting men of the day, which have considerable interest attached to them for sporters.

BIG PICTURE OF JEM MACE.—Jem Colbert, of the Gem, has an elegant cabinet sized photograph of Jem Mace in winter costume, as he appears in the streets. It is the only one we know of that size in this country.

A CUSTOMER FOR DAVIS.—It is said that they have a man in Philadelphia not only willing, but anxious to box Bill Davis for $1000 or $2000 a side. Whoever that man may be, we think Davis will accommodate him with pleasure.

BOWERY SALOON.—L. Magher is now the landlord of the Bowery Saloon, Philadelphia, where he's prepared to serve up liquors and cigars to all who favor him with a call.

DEATH OF BOB FEE, OF SHEFFIELD.—The *Braidwood Dispatch* (Australian paper) announces the death, by drowning, of Robert Fee, who was born in Sheffield in 1824, but never rose to anything as a pugilist in his native country.

DEATH OF JEMMY NORTON.—This well known metropolitan boxer died, after a lingering illness, on Saturday, Nov. 12, at his lodgings, Millwall, in his 29th year. He first made his *debut* in the P. R. in 1853, by defeating Hall in 1 hour and 26 minutes, 35 rounds, on Plumstead Marshes; he also beat Young Baker in May, 1854. The late Little Harrington, however, easily beat him at odds of £30 to £25, at Long Reach, in the following December. Norton then fought and beat both Con Quin and Mose; but in his last two engagements, with Simon Finighty and McCarthy, was doomed to defeat. Norton has left a widow in exceedingly destitute circumstances.

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BILLIARDS.--For Sale--Two nice Rosewood Tables, MARBLE TOP, size 5½ by 11. City maker. All complete and in perfect order. Price about $200 each. Apply at No. 185 Grand street, in the Barber's Shop. 34-2t*

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

Another delay now occurs in the settlement of the championship match between Kavagnah and Goldthwait, and which tends to confirm the impression that is generally gaining ground, that neither of the above named players are desirous of bringing the match to an issue. In our last we announced that the day had been definitely fixed for Wednesday, the 21st inst., but it now turns out that when the parties made application for the Hippotheatron they found, as indeed they might have anticipated, that they could not have it, in consequence of the proximity of the Christmas holiday season, which is, of course, the busiest and most lucrative period of the season at this place of entertainment. Another postponement is thus rendered necessary, and as the four months period of limitation (within which all matches for the championship must be played from the time of challenging) expires on the 12th of January next, it is just possible that Goldthwait, if he continues to manifest the same apathy about playing the match as he has hitherto done, may allow his claim to go by default, and Kavanagh continue to hold the champion cue.

Goldthwait has recently issued a challenge offering to play any man in America, except Dudley Kavanagh, with whom he is already matched, at the American four ball carom game, 1000 or 1500 points up, for $2500 a side. This challenge, coupled with the fact that his match with Kavanagh still remains in abeyance, in consequence of his neglect to come to some arrangement with the champion as to the time of playing it, before the regular sixty days' notice had expired, has naturally caused a good deal of comment in billiard circles. If Goldthwait really means business, he has now an opportunity of showing it, as Phil Tieman of Cincinnati has accepted his challenge, and will play him a match on the terms proposed, in Cincinnati, and has forwarded to Messrs. Phelan and Collender, the regular stake-holders, the usual forfeit. Tieman very naturally names Cincinnati as the place for the playing of the match, as he says that he has on all previous occasions visited New York to play, and he thinks he can fairly ask that the proposed contest come off in his own city, so as to afford his fellow-citizens an opportunity of witnessing this interesting match. We await with patience Goldthwait's reply to the Western champion.

We learn that Mr. Phelan, the regular stakeholder in the Championship Matches, has for reasons of a private personal nature satisfactory to himself, returned to Messrs. Kavanagh and Goldthwait the forfeit money placed in his hands, respectfully declining to act as stakeholder, and requesting them to mutually agree upon the appointment of some other party to officiate in that capacity.

BILLIARDS IN THE OIL REGIONS.—Another billiard match was played at Oil City, Pa., on Thanksgiving night, between Mr. Louis Mabb, of the Terrapin Lunch, and Mr. Leonard, of Corry, both amateurs. The game was 500 points, for $150 a side, carome, and was won by Mabb by 8 points. The Corry man took the lead from the beginning, at one time being 130 points ahead, but his opponent "kept a stiff upper lip," and showed his nerve by gaining rapidly at the close. Both parties played well.

BILLIARDS IN BALTIMORE.—A billiard contest between Mr Parker, of Chicago, and Mr. Kirtley, of Baltimore, took place in that city, on the 9th inst., in the saloon of Mr. Bowen, corner of North and Baltimore streets. It resulted in favor of the former gentleman, who beat his opponent upwards of one hundred points. The game was for $500—one thousand points—Parker to give Kirtley one hundred and fifty points. The game was an exciting one, and was witnessed by several hundred gentlemen. The following were the highest runs made by the contestants: Parker, 79, 65, 40, 30, 31, 28; Kirtley, 67, 51, 43, 38, 28, 28.

ON VENTILATOS.—It is a common mistake to open all the lower part of the windows of an apartment; whereas, if the upper part also were opened, the object would be more speedily effected. Thus, the air in an apartment is generally heated to a higher temperature than the external air, either by the heat supplied by the human body, or by lamps, candles, or fires. This renders it lighter than the external air; and, consequently, the external air will rush in at all openings at the lower part of the room, while the warmer and lighter air passes out at the higher openings. If a candle be held in the doorway near the floor, it will be found that the flame will be blown inwards; but if it be raised nearly to the top of the doorway, it will be blown outwards. The warm air, in this case, flows out at the top, while the cold air flows in at the bottom. A current of warm air from the room is generally rushing up the flue of the chimney, if the flue be open, even though there should be no fire lighted in the stove; hence the unwholesomeness of using chimney-boards.

"THE end of the good man is peace." And so is the end of war.

A STORY OF PAGANINI.—We may abridge an interesting story of Paganini: His violin got a fall in its case, which unglued the inner block. He went to M. Vuillaume in distress, saying his violin—a world-wide famous Guarnerius—had lost its tone. Vuillaume said the instrument must be opened, to which Paganini at last consented, on condition that it should be done in his presence. "It is impossible to descr.be the torture which Paganini endured. He twirled about, made grimaces, and suffered like a martyr, uttering exclamations which plainly showed the affection he entertained for his instrument, and the dreadful fears which he experienced at each crack caused by the breaking away of the glue, as it yielded to the action of the thin knife." Paganini then agreed to part with the instrument for three days. We suspect three hours would have done; but Vuillaume determined to make a *fac simile*, which he took measures to do. Paganini, when he got the dear fiddle again, was delighted with it—said it was as good as before, and, a few days afterwards, when Vuillaume paid *it* a visit at his request, said, "I have had two pins made—one for the doctor of my body, and the other for the doctor of my violin." The pin was a capital P, formed of twenty-three diamonds. Vuillaume, astonished at this generosity, offered Paganini the *fac simile* he intended to make. When Paganini saw this instrument, the scene was strange and, unaccountable. Paganini became serious and immovable. A look of doubt and fear overspread his features. Then he seemed surprised. He turned about the violins, changed their places, and more than once took the imitation for the original. He was evidently but little pleased to see the violin so similar to his own. At length he seized his bow to try the new violin, and, on sitting down, he exclaimed, 'It is very good; it is like mine; it has the same tone—the same quality: it is my violin, leave it with me.'" Paganini then ordered another, at 20*l.*, which reached Nice just as he expired. The first *fac simile* is the instrument on which Sivori plays.

AMUSEMENTS.

539. **VAN AMBURGH & CO'S** 541.
MAMMOTH MENAGERIE,
AND GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION.
HYATT FROST.....Manager.
NOS. 539 AND 541 BROADWAY,
IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON,
THROUGHOUT THE DAY AND EVENING.
Doors open from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 10 o'clock, P. M.

This Colossal Establishment now contains the most ENORMOUS COLLECTION OF LIVING WILD ANIMALS to be found in any similar institution in the world, comprising MUMEROUS EXTREMELY RARE VARIETIES, NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED IN THIS COUNTRY, and forming THE GREATEST CONGREGATION of the BEASTS AND BIRDS OF EVERY CLIME that the public have ever had an opportunity of beholding, while FRESH ADDITIONS ARE CONSTANTLY ARRIVING, thus enabling the Management to present an UNCEASING SUCCESSION OF ZOOLOGICAL NOVELTIES.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY
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AT 11½ IN THE FORENOON,
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Consisting of an EXTRAORDINARY DISPLAY OF SAGACITY AND TRAINING BY HIGHLY TRAINED ANIMALS, affording abundant food for WONDER, MIRTH AND GRATIFICATION TO THOSE OF EVERY AGE AND EVERY TASTE.

At each performance will be presented AN AMUSING DIVERTISSEMENT Introducing the EQUESTRIAN MONKEYS GEN. JOCKO AND MAJOR JACK DOWNING, who will give a REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF EQUITATION upon their BEAUTIFUL DIMINUTIVE PONIES PRINCE AND SNOWBALL. THE DANCING PONY, CUBAS, a model of equine gracefulness, in her exquisite exercises.

THE COMIC MULE,
in a practical exemplification of mulishness.

First week of
SIGNOR VICTOR,
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THE MOST WONDERFUL PERFORMING MONKEY IN THE WORLD,
who will display his varied accomplishments as A MUSICIAN, A COMEDIAN, A DANSEUR, A PANTOMIMIST, A FENCING MASTER AND A SHARPSHOOTER, a performance which cannot fail to produce UPROARIOUS SCREAMS OF LAUGHTER, and is especially adapted to DELIGHT THE LITTLE FOLKS BEYOND MEASURE.

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at the command of his keeper, FRANK NASH, will go through a VARIETY OF EXTRAORDINARY FEATS, never before attempted by any animal of his enormous bulk.
THE MONSTER ELEPHANT,
"HANNIBAL,"
the largest quadruped in the known world, will be introduced in the ring by MR. TOWNSEND, in order to give visitors an opportunity of observing to the best advantage his COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS.

To conclude with the THRILLING FEATS OF PROFESSOR LANGWORTHY IN THE DENS OF LIONS, TIGERS AND LEOPARDS.

Notwithstanding the enormous increase in the expenditures of the establishment the present season, the price of
ADMISSION IS ONLY 25 CENTS.
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NO HALF PRICE. NO FREE LIST.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
Will be RENTED for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c.
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TO CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE PROPRIETORS.--Storage on reasonable terms, for Fifty Baggage Wagons, etc, at Seventy-fifth street and Bloomingdale road, New York. Address J. W. F., care of CLARKY & REILLY, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York. 23-tf

WANTED---For the SPRINGFIELD, ILL., THEATRE, a good WALKING GENT and SINGING CHAMBERMAID.
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The famous single-wicket Cricket player and Violinist, has opened an OYSTER SALOON, on the European system, at NO. 26 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN, where he would be glad to meet any of his numerous friends. Everything most "recherche," Call and see him. 25-1t*

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and who also has few equals as an ARTISTIC DANSEUSE,
having recently terminated successful engagements in the PRINCIPAL THEATRES OF OUR EASTERN CITIES, and now making a tour through the Western country, is prepared to negotiate
WITH MANAGERS OF FIRST CLASS THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS through her Agents CONNER & LEA.
Her performances on the Violin are ARTISTIC AND POLISHED, while her Songs, WHICH ARE ALL ORIGINAL, AND SUNG ONLY BY HERSELF, are always received with the most gratifying demonstrations of approbation. The success of this TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTE is unprecedented and unparalleled as the numerous testimonials of the press throughout the country will fully corroborate. Communications will be promptly attended to—but no notice will be taken of any propositions except those emanating from MANAGERS OF FIRST CLASS PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.
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VARIETY MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
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PERFORMERS of acknowledged ability can always secure good and permanent engagements by addressing
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Proprietors Varieties Music Hall, and
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IVY GREEN HOTEL, COR., 12th ST., and COMMERCIAL AVE. This fine New Hotel has just been opened for the accommodation of the public. All the furniture and fixtures are entirely new.
☞ In connection with the house is a splendid Bar, fitted out in the most modern style.
DICK McGOWAN will be happy to receive his old friends, both in and out of the Minstrel profession.
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JAS. S. WIBIRT & CO., DRAMATIC, MUSICAL AND EQUESTRIAN AGENTS, 512 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
The subscribers respectfully announce that they are now fully prepared to negotiate with Managers and Artists of the above profession, and assure all those who may favor them, that all business entrusted will not only be strictly confidential, but promptly and accurately responded to. JAS. S. WIBIRT,
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THE UNDERSIGNED, having withdrawn his services as AGENT for Miss Charlotte Thompson, desires a like position with some STAR—or Advertising or Business Agent for an OPERA, CONCERT, or MINSTREL TROUPE.
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NOTICE.---MR. J. L. PARKES is requested to return the WARDROBE hired of R. W. WILLIAMS, Costumer, 420 Broome street, immediately, as the time has expired, and no further humbug. R. W. W. 35-1t*

PROF. W. J. McALLISTER.---Your letter from Louisville was duly received and replied to immediately, since which I have received no answer. Please write me again.
36-1t* H. J. C.

S. N. PIKE can be addressed as follows, at Fifth Avenue Hotel; Office No. 6 Cedar street; Post Office Box 4380, New York. 36-4t

ROBERT GARDINER, Melodeon, Baltimore.--- You need not puff nor blow about punching people's heads, and proving this or that, because you can punch no one's head, nor prove anything, but that you are in my debt, and you must pay me. JAS. CONNER,
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W. J. THOMPSON, the Melodramatic Actor, with his celebrated Dogs, HECTOR, CARLO and BRUIN, after a most successful tour through the West and South, has arrived in the city, and will soon be open for engagements of six and twelve nights, through his agents,
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LICENCE EXTORTION AT TOLEDO.
TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELSY AND THE PROFESSION GENERALLY.
BEWARE OF TOLEDO, OHIO.
The Board of Aldermen (without souls and unfit to live) has recently passed an ordinance requiring all Minstrel Troupes to pay a City Licence of the enormous and unreasonable sum of fifteen dollars per night. We appeared in that village on the 5th and 7th insts., and we had to pay the extraordinary amount of thirty dollars for the two evenings. All troupes or exhibitions of any kind visiting that place hereafter will be imposed on in the like manner. Therefore, beware of Toledo, unless you wish to get robbed of your greenbacks. If the village authorities insist and continue to charge such thieving high licences as this, they will make themselves and Toledo as famous for meanness as Steubenville Village, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana.
The above article is published for the benefit of the profession generally. Respectfully yours,
36-4t* CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Manager of Duprez & Green

THE MYSTERIOUS CRY.

A Tale of the Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PLEASE imagine an old "sea dog" seated upon the main hatch of a Liverpool merchant ship, with his legs crossed under him, while he works away in the wind and sunshine at a complicated piece of rigging.

His Scotch cap leaves his rugged weather-beaten face fully exposed, but beneath the broad wrinkled forehead, which has battled with many storms, his clear blue eyes beam with simplicity and good nature. His figure is short and stout, but very round and compact—in fact, there is not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon his body.

Down from the back of his head streams a long "pig-tail"—a good old-fashioned English pigtail, which he insists upon wearing in spite of the protestations and sly jokes of his shipmates, for he is very independent, and much attached to the fashions of other days. Aye, aye, reader, and this old sea-dog is my chum, Tom Splice, whom I respect very much—whom you would respect too (were you acquainted with him), in spite of his nautical roughness and his long pigtail. Well, here he is at any rate, working away upon the main hatch, and presently I go to his assistance, whereupon he rewards me with the following yarn:

"About ten years ago," he begins, "I was 'hard up,' d'ye see, and so I shipped in a round bottomed craft called the Martha, bound from Rio Janeiro to New York. Aboard o' that craft there was a little gal—bless her pretty eyes!—a wee little slip of a thing about ten years of age, and the darter of one o' the lady passengers, for we had several lady passengers in the craft, and they all worshiped this little gal. Now, blow me, Starbuck, if she was much bigger than a flyin' fish, and a parfect little hummingbird she was—skippin' about the decks in the wind and sunshine, a-singin' sweet songs, and smiling upon us all in a way that was very pleasant. Her hair was of the color of gold, and there were times when the sun was a shinin' upon it that it looked for all the world as though it was a rainbow around her head. Oh! she was a darlin' little craft, and we all got fond of her, especially such of us as me that has no children at home. But I'm wrong—I got off my bearings somehow when I said that we were *all* fond o' the little Minnie; for there was one man aboard who didn't like her! And here, I'm wrong again, for the fellow I'm a speakin' of wasn't a *man;* he was a Jonah—he *must* have been a Jonah, seein' as he couldn't like the little gal. He was a Malay, with a flat nose and green eyes—aye, aye, I never saw the like afore—parfect green eyes!

"Well, this Molok—Molok was his name, d'ye see—would stand for an hour at a time a watchin' Minnie, as she danced about the decks a laughing and talking, with first one man and then another—he would stand watchin' her, I say, with a cold kind o' sparkle in each of them green eyes of his, which would somehow or other always put me in mind of the sea-sarpent! He never spoke to her, but he'd always scowl when she came near him, frightenin' her so that she'd never dare to say a word to him.

"'Molok,' says I to him one day, 'how is it that you act so to Minnie?' says I.

"'My business,' says he; 'none of yourn!'

"'You infarnal Jonah!' says I, 'out with it! I won't have the little gal treated the way you've been in the habit of treatin' her. She's young and has deep feelin's, and it grieves her!'

"'Oh, well,' says he, 'she's a Jonah, and that's why I don't like her!'

"'A Jonah?' says I, all taken aback, 'what d'ye mean?'

"'Teukeleuso told me so!' he yells.

"'And who is Teukeleuso?' says I.

"Then, blast me, if he didn't go on to spin me a yarn about a god or somethin' of that kind who had come to him in a dream, and told him that Minnie, although she was a pretty little gal, was a Jonah in disguise, and that the ship would be wracked on account of her bein' on board, unless he took her and—— Here," continued the old sailor, "he brought up all of a sudden like a ship in the trough of a sea, and when I told him to go on, he mumbled over something in his Malay lingo that I couldn't understand, and that I couldn't get him to explain in decent English like an honest tar. This made me feel troubled like, d'ye see; and I felt a presentiment that he intended harm to the little gal. So I says to him, says I, 'Blast ye, Molok, if you come any of your Malay tricks over Minnie, we'll string you up to the yard-arm in the tyin' of a square knot!'

"Molok didn't answer me, but he went slinkin' off into the forecastle, looking as black as a thunder cloud.

"At the same time I was called away to fit a new earring on the mizzen-topsail yard, and after I had done this job I had another which was to put a little sarvin' on one of the backstays, and by the time I had finished both jobs it had begun to grow dark, and the larboard watch was on deck. As I belonged to the starboard watch, I went below and 'turned in,' but somehow or other I was wonderful restless. Them green spiteful eyes of Molok's, and the pretty face of Minnie, kept risin' up in my mind like a sarpent and a dove, and blow me if I could get a wink of sleep. My eyes kind o' fought agin one another, d'ye see, for I couldn't close both of 'em at a time. When I shut one of 'em the other would open, and when I shut that the other would 'vicious varsay,' as they says in Latin. Well, after I had tossed about for a couple of hours, says I to myself, 'I'll just take a turn on deck, and perhaps the sea-breeze will freshen me a little, for it's now a blowin' pretty hard, and there's nothing like the wind to make a man sleepy!' So out of my bunk I tumbles, and putting on my togs and lighting my pipe, away I goes to the deck, where I meets a parfect gale howlin' into my teeth, and percieves, although it's as dark as pitch, that everything has been taken in except the main-topsail and fore-topmast staysail. There wasn't a man of the watch in the for'ard part of the ship, and says I to myself—'They've all gone aft to keep out of the way of the seas; but my eyes!' says I, 'where is the man on the lookout? He ought to be here on the bow!' and I peers around me, but couldn't see a soul!

"All at once I hears a faint, half-stifled cry, which sounds as though it's right at my elbow, and I turns around, but shiver me if there's anybody in sight.

"'Blast it!' says I, 'that's very strange,' and as I says it, I hears the cry again, I then perceives that I was mistaken afore—that the cry instead of being at my elbow, comes from aloft!

"'My eyes!' I roars out, 'I must find out what that means!'

"So I jumps into the rigging, and begins to go aloft, looking about me as I go, and as I gets near the fore-topsail-yard, I sees a form in the bunt, and as I gets still nearer, 'Why, shiver me,' I howls out, 'if it isn't Molok!'

"Aye, aye, Starbuck, it was the Malay, sure enough. There he stood in the bunt, with his white teeth and his green eyeballs a gleaming' upon me in the dark.

"'What are you doing here?' says I.

"'Keeping a lookout,' says he.

"'Well,' says I 'it's a queer place for a man to be in to keep a lookout at night, although I've heard of 'em standing it out in the top. Hows'ever, that's neither here nor there. I came here to find out the meaning of a queer kind of a cry that I heard while I was below.'

"Molok started when I said this, and his green eyes blazed up like the lantern in the mizzen rigging.

"'How should I know anything about it,' he hisses through his teeth.

"'You must have heard it,' says I, 'as it came from aloft!'

"'Well,' he answers, 'if you must know, it was I a talking to Teukeleuso!' And as he said this, the heathen began to make a noise with his tongue between his teeth, which was something like that I had heard, while he kept throwing his arms about his head in a strange kind of a way.

"'Enough! enough!' says I, and I was about to step from the footrope for the purpose of going down, when, mixin' with the noise that Molok was makin', I hears another low, half-stifled cry, which seems to go directly into my left ear.

"'Halloa! *that's* the sound that I heard afore, after all, and not that one that you are making!' I shouts, turning to the Malay.

"'Teukeleuso! Teukeleuso is out to-night!' yells the heathen. 'Hi! hi! yow! Teukeleuso!'

"As he spoke, I heard the cry again, and peering about me in every direction and not seein' anything from which that cry could have come, I begins to get a little scared—a little superstitious like, and thinks I to myself, this infarnal heathen is right after all. He's holding a grand pow-wow with some one of his imps, and blow me if this is any place for an honest tar! So I springs to one of the backstays, and slidin' to the deck as quick as I could, I makes a straight wake for my bunk, into which I crawls shiverin'—aye, aye, mate, I'm ashamed to say it—shiverin' like a topsail when a green hand is at the wheel!

"About two hours afterwards the starboard watch was called, and when I 'tumbled up' (went on deck), I couldn't help throwin' a good many uneasy squints aloft. But I didn't hear the cry again, and it was for that reason that I didn't say anything about the matter to my shipmates, as I knowed they would say it was nothing but fancy.

"Well, in a little while we all went aft so as to keep clear of the seas; and we hadn't been there long when one of the lady passengers—the mother of Minnie—comes rushing up to us with her hair a streamin' from her head, her eyes gleamin' wild and bright, and her lips white and tremuleus like.

"'Oh!' my God! my God!' she says 'she's not here—my little girl! Have any of you seen her?' says the poor thing.

"We all said 'no,' and then she went on to tell us that Minnie was with her when she went to bed at eight o'clock, that she went to sleep with her child by her side, and that when she woke up a few minutes ago the little thing was gone.

"My eyes! mate, but it made us all feel bad to hear this, for we knowed that the child was often in the habit of comin' up on deck at night unknown to her mother, and we feared that she had done so this night and had fallen overboard.

"We all bundled into the forecastle, and inquired of the starboard watch whether they knew anythin' about the matter, but every man answered as we had done, and we had to tell this to the poor mother. Oh! it was a fearful sight—a sight I hope I may never see the like of again—the way that poor mother went on a ravin' and flying about the ship like one distracted, callin' upon God to give her back her child. All hands came up, and with lanterns in our hands, a number of us began to search the decks and the hold for the little Minnie. But we couldn't find a trace of her, and there were tears in the eyes of some of the roughest of us, when we found that it was no use a lookin' for her, and had to say that we felt pretty certain that she had fallen overboard. I was one of 'em who said that, but as the words came out of my mouth, I remembered the cry aloft that had scared me so, and thinks I to myself, 'It wasn't one of Molok's imps that made it after all—it was the sperit of that drowned child.'

"But I didn't say anything about it then, as I thought it might make the state of the poor mother worse than it was, and God knows it was bad enough already. There she sat upon the carpenter's trunk, a-groanin' and moanin' out the name of her little young one, and all that we could do we couldn't get her to go into the cabin, out of the way of the seas.

"The captain said, at last, it was best to let her have her own way, and so some of us took off our coats and wrapped 'em around her, so as to make the poor thing as comfortable as we could.

"When daylight broke over us, she was still a-sittin' in the same place, going on in the same way, and hearin' nothin' of what was said around her.

"As the gale was now pretty well over, we had orders to loosen the fore and mizen topsails, and I was one of them who went up at the fore.

"After both gaskets had been taken from the yard arms, I seized the bunt gasket and unfastened it, and as I lets go of it, the sail unrolls, and something drops quickly out of it, but catches in the buntlines. Well, mate, that somethin' was nothin' less then the form of the little Minnie. Aye, aye, there she was, sure enough, a-layin' white and dead-like in the buntlines, with that golden hair of hers a-streaming down towards the deck, and I now understood the meanin' of the cry I had heard. That infarnal Jonah of a Molok, with the green eyes—blast him—had seen her come on deck during the night, and had taken her aloft and rolled her up in the bunt of the topsail, to smother her, as the rascal owned afterwards, for this was what that imp, Teukeleuso, had told him to do in his dream.

"My eyes! Starbuck, you can believe that it didn't take me long to lower myself by the buntlines to the little gal and pass her up to my wonderin' shipmate, who took her and carried her to the deck. She was not dead—only senseless—but it took us a long time to bring the poor thing to life.

"When this was done at last, I thought the mother would go mad with joy, for it seemed that she could never stop kissin' and huggin' the child. Thinks I to myself, it's a wonder that the poor thing wasn't smothered to death up there in the canvas, and the only thing that saved her from dyin' must have been an openin' big enough to let in the fresh air, which Molok had left in the bunt without knowin' it."

"And what became of the Malay?" I inquired of the old sailor, as he paused to adjust his "pig-tail," which the wind had blown over his shoulder.

"He was put in irons, and shoved into the run," answered Tom, "where he chewed so much opium that he made himself crazy; and afore the craft got into New York harbor he killed himself by dashing his head against one of the ship's timbers."

SMOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES;

OR,

Hennemann's Adventures with Blucher's Pipe.

ON the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Hennemann had just handed his master (Blucher) a lighted pipe, when a cannon-ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions, and causing the white charger on which Blucher was mounted to spring aside—a manœuvre that broke the pipe in a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

"Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me; I shall be back again in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls."

With these words Blucher gave the command, "Forward, boys?" and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however, of a chase of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer-day, as we all know from history. After the battle was over, Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combatting armies, and, nearing the spot where Blucher had halted in the morning, they saw, to their surprise, a solitary man, his head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and calmly smoking a pipe!

"Donner und blitz!" cried Blucher, "why, that is my Hennemann. How you look, boy! what are you doing alone?"

"Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long day. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arms with their cursed bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe."

Saying which, he handed to Blucher the pipe to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed. Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher,

"You have just admired the unflinching loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders—what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

W. C. SPENCER, Washington.—Your note is to hand, and we have answered by mail as requested.

WM. CHARD, H'd Qr'trs Cavalry, Mid. Mil. Div.—The same to you.

CHESS ED. FORNEY'S WAR PRESS.—As to the "Sketch" in question, the *animus* of the performance, so evident from the outset, should have kept it from any respectable journal.

CHEVALIER DE ST. BON.—This distinguished Italian player, commander of the frigate Prince Humbert, has favored the metropolis with a visit, and our best players, among the rest F. Eugene Brenzinger, President of the Paulsen C. C., with an opportunity of measuring their skill against his. We should be most happy to receive some specimens of these encounters from our contributor. Mr. Worrall, now a resident of New York, has also encountered the illustrious visitor.

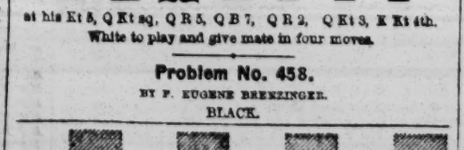
THE ENGLISH CLUBS have all re-opened for the season with brilliant prospects for the campaign.

RHENISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.—At the late meeting of this body, the first and second prizes in play were won, respectively, by Herr Max Lange and Count Vitzhum; in problems, the first, second and third places were taken by Herren Berger and Rabey, and Dr. Stavenuter. In suicides, Herren Mayor, Minkwitz, and Count Pongrace rank as named. The problems in competition numbered fifty-three, but are only spoken of as "tolerably good." The next Congress of the Association is to be held at Elberfeld.

Enigma No. 458.

The following position is given by HERR HARRWITZ, as having occurred to him at the termination of a game in which he had given the odds of a Kt.

at his Kt sq. K 6, K Kt 6, Q B 3, Q 4, K Kt 2d.



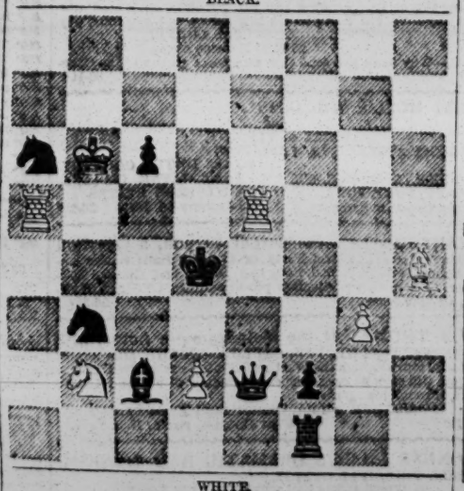
at his Kt 5, Q Kt sq, Q R 5, Q B 7, Q R 2, Q Kt 3, K Kt 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 458.

BY F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 456.

Fortis, hitherto unpublished, we believe, our late lamented friend, Jas. A. Leonard, playing this and five other games at once, "blindfold," in the Brooklyn C. C., Jan. 17th, 1862.

QUEEN'S KT'S OPENING.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Baxter.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Baxter.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	19. Q to her 2	P to Q Kt 4
2. Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	20. K R-K B sq	P-Q Kt 5
3. P-K B 4	Q Kt-B 3	21. Q Kt-K 2 (*a*)	K B × Kt P
4. K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	22. P-K B 5	Q-K B 3
5. K B-B 4	K B-K 2	23. P-K Kt 4	K B-K 4
6. P-Q 4	K P × P	24. K R-home	Q B × Kt
7. K Kt × P	Q Kt × Kt	25. Q × Q B	P-Q R 4
8. Q × Q Kt	Castles	26. Q-her 2	P-K B 3
9. Q B-K 3	P-Q B 4	27. R-K R 4	K B-Q 5
10. Q-her 2	K Kt-his 5	28. P-K Kt 5	R P × P
11. P-K R 3	K B-R 5 +	29. R P × P	K B-B 6
12. K-his B sq	Kt × Q B +	30. Q-her B sq	Q-her 5
13. Q × K Kt	K R-K sq	31. P-K Kt 6	K R-K 2
14. P-K Kt 3	K B-his 3	32. K R-his 8 +	K × K R
15. K-Kt 2	P-Q Kt 3	33. Q-K R sq +	K-Kt sq
16. K B-Q 5	Q R-Kt sq	34. Q-R 7 +	K-his B sq
17. Q B-K B sq	Q B-B 3	35. Q-K B 8, checkmate.	
18. Q B-B 3	K B-Q 5		

(*a*) Leonard here proposed a draw but was refused. The beauty and accuracy of his play could scarcely be exceeded by a seeing master, with the board and but a single antagonist before him, from the free, chivalrous opening, through the changing aspects of a close and critical battle, to the pungent *finale*

Board No. 4 on the same occasion, we believe.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Leonard.	Hicks.	Leonard.	Hicks.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Q R to Q sq	Q B to Kt 5
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-R 5
3. P-Q 4	K P × P	14. Q-K B 2	Q Kt × Kt +
4. K B-B 4	P-Q 3	15. Kt P × Kt	Q B-R 6
5. Castles	K Kt-B 3	16. K R-K sq	K Kt-Q 2
6. K Kt × P	Q Kt-K 4	17. K-his R sq	Q B-K 3
7. K B-Kt 3	K B-K 2	18. R-K Kt sq	P-K Kt 3
8. P-K B 4	Q Kt-Kt 3	19. K B × B (*c*)	B P × B
9. Q Kt-B 3	P-K B 4	20. K R × P (*d*)	Kt-K B 3
10. Q B-K 3	P-Q B 3	21. Q R-K Kt sq, and the *partie* was agreed drawn.	
11. Q-K 2 (*b*)	Q-her B 2		

(*b*) A mastery of the openings, as easy as it is rapid and perfect, Leonard always exhibited, seeing or unseeing.

(*c*) How neatly timed his every *coup!*

(*d*) Mr. H may consider the result of this game an escape. Time 4 hours. Alas! poor Leonard.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
16-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE Club meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

To Correspondents.

G. W. FOSTER, Sherman, N. Y.—Your "card" of Sept. 27th was received Dec. 1st, and either you neglected to mail it for some weeks, or else "Uncle Sam's" coach was very slow in carrying your missive. We enter it below, as you will see.

EXPRESS, New York.—See G. W. Foster's "card" below. As you did not call for the stakes, as notified, we suppose you were not willing to claim them by default. We await your reply.

THE MATCH AT DRAUGHTS between Messrs. Hickok and Thompson for $50, was commenced on Thursday, the 1st inst., by Mr. Burr being chosen referee, and Dr. Clute umpire for Mr. Hickok, and Mr. Dunlap umpire for Mr. Thompson, and concluded on Monday, the 5th inst., after four evenings' play, by Mr. Hickok being the victor. There were in all 20 games played, Mr. H. winning 7 games, Mr. T. 6, and 7 drawn. Most of the games were well contested, but a few were played carelessly. Mr. Thompson played the openings with skill and ability, but Mr. Hickok showed his strength of play in the endings, which he played with great care, forcing the game in such a way as to fairly out-general his opponent. We shall give some of the games to our readers soon.

Game No. 43--Vol. XII.

THIRTY-EIGHTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain

BRISTOL.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1. 11 to 16	24 to 20	12. 12 to 19	27 to 23
2. 16 19	28 16	13. 11 16	20 11
3. 12 19	22 18	14. 7 16	22 18
4. 9 14	18 9	15. 1 5	18 9
5. 5 14	25 22	16. 5 14 (*a*)	29 25
6. 8 11	27 23	17. 10 15	25 22
7. 4 8	23 16	18. 15 18	22 15
8. 8 12	31 27	19. 14 17	21 14
9. 12 19	27 23	20. 6 10	14 7
10. 3 8	23 16	21. 2 27	Drawn.
11. 8 12	32 27		

(*a*) The variation. Anderson plays 6 to 13, and Draws.

Game No. 44.--Vol. XII.

GAME played at Perth, Scotland, between the "Herd Laddie" and J. Bertie, Dundee.

From the Weekly News.

LAIRD AND LADY.

J. B., Black.	"Herd Laddie," White.	J. B., Black.	"Herd Laddie," White.
1. 11 to 15	23 to 19	13. 8 to 11	25 to 22
2. 8 11	22 17	14. 11 15	27 23
3. 9 13	17 14	15. 15 19	23 16
4. 10 17	19 16	16. 12 19	31 27
5. 7 14	25 22	17. 6 9	14 10
6. 3 7	29 25	18. 7 14	27 23
7. 6 10	24 20	19. 27 21	23 16
8. 1 6	27 23	20. 21 25	30 21
9. 4 8	32 27	21. 14 17	21 14
10. 14 18(*a*)	(1)21 14	22. 9 25	16 11
11. 10 17	22 15	23. 25 30	26 23
12. 11 18	23 14	24. 30 26	23 19

Drawn.(*b*)

(*a*) The variation from last week's game.

(*b*) Bertie played the close of this game in fine style.

(1)

The following variation was played in another game between the two players:—

J. B.	"Herd Laddie,"	J. B.	"Herd Laddie."
10. 12 to 16	23 to 18	13. 32 to 28	26 to 3
11. 14	32 21	14. 17	26 3 1
12. 10	17 31	15. 26	31 28 24

Drawn.

Card.

SHERMAN, N. Y., Sept. 27th, 1864.

ED. CLIPPER—You will find inclosed the solution of that position in which I show a win for Black.

SOLUTION OF POSITION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
18 to 17	(*a*)11 to 16	9 to 14	27 to 24
17 22	16 20	14 7	24 20
22 25	20 24	7 2	15 11
25 30	24 27	1 6	22 18
30 25	27 23	21 17	18 15
2 6	23 18	17 14	15 19
6 9	31 27	14 10	11 8
25 21	18 22	10 7	8 4
12 16	19 12	7 11	Black wins.

(*a*) I have not looked out 31 to 26; it may make a draw of it. Now it remains for "Express" to show a draw for White, and if I can't defeat his draw the money is his. As soon as I see his draw in the CLIPPER, I will reply to it.

Yours respectfully, G. W. FOSTER.

Solution of Position No. 32. Vol. XII.

BY JAMES WYLIE.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 8 to 11	15 to 8	12. 18 to 23	26 to 22
2. 19 24	24 19	13. 23 26	22 17
3. 23 26	30 23	14. 26 30	17 13
4. 13 17	22 13	15. 10 6	19 15
5. 21 25	29 22	16. 30 26	15 11
6. 10 15	19 10	17. 26 22	11 7
7. 6 15	13 6	18. 22 18	7 2
8. 1 17	32 27	19. 6 1	2 7
9. 17 14	27 24	20. 18 14	7 11
10. 15 18	24 19	21. 14 9, and wins.	
11. 14 10	31 26		

Solution of Drummond's 41st Position.

THIRD EDITION.

White.	Black.
1. 7 to 11	8 to 15
2. 25 22	1 6
3. 17 14, and wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.	White—J. McG.
7. 4 8	24 20
8. 8 11	

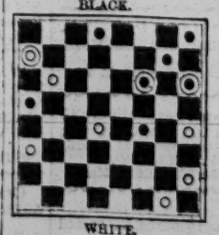
SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.	White—J. McI.
7. 8 14	26 23

Position No. 33, Vol. XII.

FROM THE SCOTTISH BANNER.

BLACK.



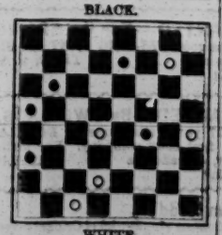
WHITE.

White to play and win.

The 42d Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHARLES WHITE,

ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN AND HUMORIST.

In presenting a short biographical sketch of a comedian who has been prominently identified with the Ethiopian profession for twenty-one years, it may not be irrelevant, and perhaps not uninteresting, in a few prefatory remarks, to glance casually at the rise, progress, and present status of that profession; to note its prominent men, who in its infancy gave it that charm which has endeared it to the heart of the great American public; and then, more especially, to dilate upon the career of the subject of this sketch in his efforts to raise it to an honorable profession, a body self protective, and to the public a fund of inexhaustible mirth and amusement; of a man who strove to purge it of its crudities, who opposed irrelevant innovations, and added features now popular and *unique;* who wrote its most witty farces, some of its most popular songs, and who combines in himself subtle wit, broad humor, with grotesque, life-like and graceful actions, and who to day, as the delineator of a mischievious, rollicking negro, stands peerless.

To say that T. D. Rice was the man who first firmly seated in the hearts of the public the desire for Ethiopian delineation, is only giving that great actor his due meed of praise. As early as 1829, he, then a mere stripling, did his Jim Crow on the sawdust all through the States, and from that time till 1834, when he sailed for England, he rose in fame, and people flocked eagerly to see his inimitable act. The thing was so unique, done with such consummate tact and grace, that the sympathies of the people were enlisted. Had we never a Jim Crow Rice, or had he been less of an actor, the present profession might not be of the importance it is. It was he who first created the *furore*, which, strange to say, has not died out to this day, and disseminate it so widely. It is fortunate, certainly, that since the novelty of Jim Crow, we have had features equally unique and almost equally successful, and that there have appeared, from time to time, men who, with tact, judgment and zeal, labored earnestly and successfully in adding new features, comicalities and attractions, who separated the chaff from the wheat, so that a business which in its early days was rated scarcely above that of mountebanks, is to day an art, a profession. Scarcely twenty-five years ago a "Nigger Singer" was rated as a low being; popular prejudice at first discountenanced their efforts as low and vulgar; but these bug bears were dissipated by wise, sagacious measures of strenuously ignoring obscenity, lowness, and vulgarity; in introducing short, pithy, comic acts, and by justly estimating and imitating the negro character in the blending of the touchingly pathetic with the humorously grotesque. The dancing of Diamond, the Happy Uncle Tom of Brower, the excellent taste of the Dunbolton Troupe, the pleasant vagaries of the King & Parker Minstrels—with whom "Lucy Long" was original—the tact of Christy, the inimitable performances—instrumental and comic—of Earl Pierce, etc., have all contributed to the great end. After T. D. Rice attained such great popularity, it is not a matter of surprise that there should have been many competitors for like honors.

The organizations a quarter of a century ago were limited and uncertain, without a person of money or the proper talent to carry them on; a few men banded together, styling themselves such-and-such band of minstrels, played a short engagement, broke up in consequence of some internecine dispute about share of receipts, greater popularity, or other such petty wrangling, when part appeared again shortly as another organization, while another part played at the various theatres, gardens and circuses. These circuses, traveling over so vast an area of country, generally interspersed their show with a little negro business, tending thereby to keep the novelty before the far-spreading population, and permanently seating that penchant so strong to this day. To inform the public, now, which was the first band and of whom composed, would be unnecessary—it is sufficient to say that a few men who had been playing their several specialities at the various popular places of amusement, formed a band for one night, to give one of their number a benefit; the idea was so novel, and proved so successful, that innumerable other bands organized, and by degrees the novelty took rank as an institution. Their performances, judging by the standard of 1864, were limited and crude; dancing, singing, banjo playing and violin business exhausted their *role* of comicalities. They were a roving, listless set, playing short engagements throughout the country; often at theatres between acts, in lieu of overtures by the orchestra, which was then limited as regards numbers and versatility. Thus, early in 1843, we find the first band at the Chatham Theatre, and then more generally through the city and environs as amateur organizations, in the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, on the green sward of the lawns of Long Island, at small halls in unfrequented and oftentimes not the most respectable streets, at concert rooms, school rooms, free and easies, private houses and festal gardens, always attended by an interested audience; as strolling players they would have furnished serio-comic scenes well adapted to the art of Hogarth. Such was the state of the profession when, in the year 1843, at Thalian Hall, 492 Grand street, New York, Chas. White first regaled his audiences with melodeous strains from the accordeon; his exquisite handling of that instrument called the attention of prominent members of the profession to his ability, and from that date to the present he has held his place in the front rank. The popularity of the accordeon has died out in our day; but twenty years ago the instrumental accessories to a band were limited, and a performer playing well on any was hailed with delight; it is to later years that the advent of the cornet, triangle, Chinese fiddle, &c., is to be credited; these innovations crept slowly in, until to-day the performances thereon are of a high, artistic character, and the vocal accompaniment charming and pathetic. The acute observation and aspirations of Mr. White prompted him to a higher capacity in a band than instrumentalist, and seeing in the natural delineation of negro character and eccentricities a mine of mirth and amusement so inexhaustible, and feeling that he had a proclivity therefor, he essayed its perfection. By a close scrutiny of negroes of all ages and characters, by studying their dialect, imitating their actions, gestures and carriage, by closely examining their tastes, peculiarities and humors, their friendships and hatreds, by noticing carefully the blending in their character of the deeply pathetic with the grotesquely and exuberantly droll, by this broad and searching study, conducted with patience, care and discrimination, he, with his own already well-tutored efforts, placed himself before the public as an actor of great power. Thus the accordeon—with its orpheic strains—was soon laid aside for the business of a comedian, and, as proprietor and funny man of a band of his own called the "Kitchen Minstrels," he opened at Palmer's Concert Room, on the second floor on the corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, in 1844. The first floor was occupied by Tiffany, Young & Ellis, Jewellers; the third by the renowned Ottignon, as a Gymnasium. Here, where the venerable Palmo had introduced to delighted audiences the Italian Opera, and regaled them with fragrant Mocha coffee, handed around by obsequious waiters, he first came most prominently before the public. His success was so genuine and the receipts so remunerative, that Barnum—who was then proprietor of the Bunker Hill Assembly Rooms, in Philadelphia, at which place he was exhibiting the Diorama of the Burning of Moscow, which to paint and put on the stage cost $20,000—hired the whole band to play in the intermissions of the Exhibition; success crowned their efforts here, also, and after playing their engagement a second time, they organized a band with other performers of that city, called the "Virginia Serenaders," which travelled over the Eastern and Middle States, and who have left a record as a band of great versatility. All this time Mr. White had gone on improving in his vocation, always keenly alert for novelty, searching the papers for salient points, local hits, comicalities and burlesques, adding to his *repertoire* new jokes and new acts. He continued this itinerancy for years, visiting the various metropolitan cities and towns, and always carefully eschewing the stereotyped or hackneied performance. He afterwards associated himself with the "Ethiopian Operatic Brothers," a band comprising considerable talent, prominent among whom was Barney Williams, the now famous Irish comedian; he did end business with the tambourine, and also the single act, "Dandy Jim of Carolina." They played at Palmo's Opera House and Vauxhall Gardens, then in its height of popularity, under Barnum's management; here White, with Dan Gardiner, danced the first Double Polka in character. The Ethiopian Brothers disbanded after a short time, and Mr. White then joined the "Sable Sisters and Ethiopian Minstrels;" they included three lady vocalists—Pauline, Annette and Angelique; were very popular for a time, and then disbanded. From that date to 1846, he was engaged in various prominent and popular organizations. His name it was that gave *eclat* to the "New York Minstrels," and numerous other bands, which, consisting of almost always the same performers, organized and reorganized, each time styling themselves differently from the last. In 1846 he opened his Melodeon, at 53 Bowery, at which place he gave a highly miscellaneous performance, and it was here he introduced those farces which, as concluding acts, are now so popular at the American Theatre. The prices of admission being very small, the show lively and attractive, his business proved very lucrative. While proprietor of the Melodeon he was burned out twice, but each time rebuilt and returned to his triumphs. Some years after, he opened White's Opera House, 49 Bowery, and here his success reached its climax—he presented such an array of talent, managed it with such a master hand, and produced so many novelties in the way of acts, farces, burlesques, songs, dances, &c. Many performers, now popular and celebrated, trace their first claim to popularity to this Hall. Here the now famous Dan Bryant first strove for honors, doing the business of comedian and end man, and first showed those signs of marked ability which have since placed him in the front rank of his profession. Mr. White early saw these gems and cultivated them accordingly. Here, also, the celebrated dancer, R. M. Carroll, made his *debut*, as Master Marks; here E. Bowers was initiated into the mysteries of cork, and many others among the most prominent of the profession. In fact, no similar place ever introduced one-third of the comic material during their whole existence as this same establishment; for proof, glance at the following names who all made their mark at Mr. White's place years ago: Dan Emmet, Frank Stanton, Billy Coleman, John Murray, Pic. Butler, M. Turner, W. Roark, J. Huntley, L. Donnelly, M. Lewis, G. White, W. N. Smith, Mast. Juba, Boston Rattler, Wm. Donaldson, Wm. Quinn, J. Carroll, Tim Norton, Tom Briggs, H. Rumsey, J. Budworth, W. Budworth, Dan Gardner, Joe Brown, Mike Mitchell, T. D. Rice, J. Mulligan, Luke West, Johnny Pell, Sam Wells, Billy Newcomb, Charley Fox, Dave Wambold, P. B. Isaacs, De Meyer, Sivori, Raynor, Deaves, Pierce, Warren, &c., &c. Since the closing of that establishment Mr. White has not been proprietor of any organization. He has played many successful engagements; he was a prominent member of Mr. Wood's band while occupying the Marble Buildings, 561 and 563 Broadway. In 1860 he accepted an offer from Mr. Robert Butler, proprietor of the American Concert Hall (now American Theatre), where for four consecutive years he has played almost every night, an engagement for its length and brilliancy of success unparalleled in the annals of Minstrelsy, and here, towards the close of the year 1864, we can see him every night in his inimitable *rôle*, the chief favorite, always funny and ripe with novelties, still adding fresh laurels to his already well-filled wreath, and day by day increasing his hold upon the esteem and affections of his audience. The noticeable feature of his performance is, that he is the actor of his own comicalities, the major part of the Negro acts presented at 444 being the productions of his own brain, and so prolific an author is he, that he can give novelty every week for half a year with his burlesques, farces and side acts. When we sum up the results of his long, hard working career, it is certainly pleasant to know that all these increasing efforts to please the public are not unappreciated, and though in the profession there may be those who speak in disparaging terms of his acting and writings, it certainly is the emanation of a prejudice, narrow and cynical, at his more considerable talents. A very prevalent and disgitious system of appropriating other men's brains, either by stealing an act bodily or borrowing its pith and substance and incorporating it in other acts, pervades the Ethiopian brotherhood, and Charles White is an especial victim of this nefarious practice. His acts, jokes and farces are pirated almost as soon as acted or said, without any consultation or due acknowledgment. A notable instance of this is the career of two performers who had played minor parts in Mr. White's plays, and were indebted to him for innumerable sugg

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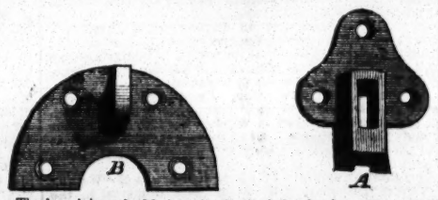

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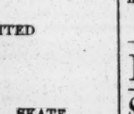

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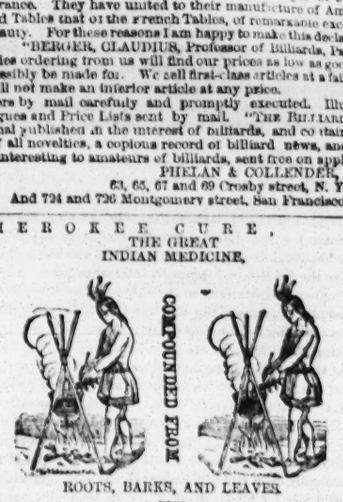

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Notice.

All communications, correspondence, etc., intended for this or any other department of the New York Clipper, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence. Frank Queen,

Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper.

City Summary.

Monday, Dec. 12, 1864.

"The message and accompanying documents" have proved such heavy and tiresome family reading, that the people have sought shelter and consolation at the theatres, notwithstanding the feverish state of the community regarding the late fiendish attempt to burn the city has not been entirely "expunged," but some folks preferred to risk the theatres rather than go to sleep over Abe's latest story, and its supporting and corroborating evidence in the shape of still longer stories. Amusements since our last have been pretty lively, considering that we have gone through the motions of electing our city guardians and "conservators of the public morals." The approach of the holidays may have a tendency to lessen the attendance at our various places of public resort, for the beautiful display of fancy goods in the shop windows will cause the holders of compound interest notes to make the usual permanent investments in the shape of Christmas and New Year presents, thus absorbing and funding a considerable portion of our "floating indebtedness," as they say in financial circles. Talking about finances, we endeavored to figure up, the other day, the state of the public debt, according to Abraham's idea of it: but the figures were too much for us, and after going clear through the "ready reckoner," without getting at a satisfactory sum total, we gave up the job as one beyond our "cyphering" abilities.....What a set of "hard drinkers" our theatre-goers are getting to be. Did you ever notice it? The ladies at a theatre are generally calm and self-possessed, showing very little evidence of, or desire for, strong drink, although, no doubt, many of them taste the "unclean thing" on the sly. To see them at the theatre, we say, you would take them to be perfect angels, so docile, quiet are they, and so attentive to what is going on before them. But with the men it seems to be different. They appear to be seized with the idea that they must *do* something—they are always restless; they yawn, cross their legs, make a few common place observations, shut their eyes, smooth their whiskers, if they have any, yawn again, essay an unhappy smile, square off at their opera glasses, take out their watches, wiggle, squirm, and go through as many manœuvres as though they had taken an overdose of senna and salts. When the curtain descends at the end of the act, we begin to find out what's the matter with them, for no sooner is the curtain down, than away fly these "gentlemen" to the nearest "gin mill," as the roughs would say; they are after their "rum," as the same unfinished authority would express it, leaving their ladies to keep their seats, and submit, perhaps, to the insulting remark of some other free and easy drinker. Why can't these professional imbibers take a lesson from the fairer portion of creation, and remain quiet without being preserved in liquor? No gentleman should accompany a lady to a place of amusement without he intends to stay by her until the close of the performance. Is he so far gone that he cannot remain two or three hours without his tumbler of whiskey? Is it right to leave a lady alone and unprotected in a public place of resort? Is it due to the lady herself? Is it due to the parents who have entrusted their innocent child to the care of one who professes to be a gentleman? What are two or three drinks compared to the lady's society? And how beastly is it, too, to come into the presence of a lady, reeking with sickening fumes, and to breathe soft nonsense in her ear with a breath laden with the perfumes of the "gin mill!" No wonder that the innocent being raises her handkerchief to her lips, sometimes to her eyes; no wonder her well-powdered cheeks look pale, and no wonder she refuses your next invitation. We make these remarks because we think the subject is deserving of attention. We never visit a theatre without seeing scores of ladies left blooming alone, while their gentlemanly attendants are out in search of their "rum," to put it in plain terms. When the curtain goes up again, these drinking characters come shuffling and reeling along, disturbing the peaceably disposed, and bringing the blush to the cheeks of their charges. Oh, but it's a scurvy set they are, these rummies; worse than the professional bummers, for the latter do not disguise their spiritual proclivities, while the former do. Hereafter, let us stick by the girls we have been entrusted with, and do without the usual nip.

Manager George Wood, of the Broadway Theatre, has changed the programme, and afforded us an opportunity of seeing John Owens in another character, in Buckstone's "Happiest Day of My Life." In the character of Gillman, the Baltimore favorite and the destined favorite of New Yorkers shone to excellent advantage. The play is decidedly funny, calling forth loud and prolonged laughter like constant discharges of artillery. Mr. Owens was a pupil of the lamented Burton, and at times his acting is somewhat of a copy of the original; yet this is no fault, for we would much rather see a good *fac simile* than a bad original. Many actors who undertake the characters of the lamented William think it essential to assume his tone of voice and idiotic smile, and as a consequence miserably fail. With Mr. Owens it is different, for while he gives all credit to the talent of the master, he strives to do much on his own account. Like many beginners in business affairs, he kept up the original slamboard until he had secured the old customers, and now can afford to hang out a Shingle of his own. His personation of Mr. Gillman is a capital performance, and his drunken scene is one of the best we have seen in many years, either on or off the boards. His conception and carrying out of the character is worthy of the highest praise; barring his ever-popular Solon Shingle, Mr. Gillman is probably the best part he has given us in New York, and it may be set down as a most acceptable companion to the venerable Solon. Mr. Owens is well supported by Mrs. Hind and Mr. Sol. Smith; the latter, in his rendering of an old man, acts with so much truth and fidelity, that we are almost inclined to believe him to be what he seems. Mr. Tyrrell and Mr. Maeder had also an opportunity to show what they could do. Let an fond of a good play wend their way to the Broadway and enjoy John Owens in the new comedy, and they will afterwards exclaim that it was the "Happiest Day of My Life."

Niblo's Garden was crowded on Monday evening of last week with a large number of sight seekers, all anxious to welcome back Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams to the scene of their former triumphs. The lobbies, stalls, dress-circle, upper tier, and gallery were filled to overflowing with admirers of the "couple." Every one wore a smiling face, and whole families could be seen there, from the child in arms up to the gray-haired grandfather of seventy. The people, though tightly packed together, were not at all disorderly, but good humor was everywhere prevalent. It must be very trying for a stout man to find himself suddenly jammed against the back of a seat, and to have two or three individuals seize him by the arm and, raising themselves on tip-toe, gaze calmly over his shoulders. Yet, we behold one so situated, and could not help but pity him for "he was stuffed with such an agony, he sweat extremely." We hardly think it is right and proper to bring children to places of amusement, for in spite of all coaxing and lavish distribution of candy, they *will* occasionally howl. Music is at all times preferable to the cry of an infant, and when we go to hear an orchestra under the able direction of Dodworth, we do not care to put up with something inferior. A baby, in our humble opinion, especially in the evening, is a great deal better off when its little head, with its wealth of flaxen curls, is calmy reposing on its little pillow at home. Mothers, place yourselves in the position of your children, and think how you would like to be scared out of your wits by the glare of gas-lights and the noise of a multitude. Mothers, do not let your children howl! Have pity on the bachelors, for they are not accustomed to it; have pity, also, on the fathers, for they have enough of it in their own abode. The Irish drama seems to have taken a hold on the hearts of the people of this city, and the announcement that some one will show himself "a broth of a boy" is always sufficient to ensure a good house. Mr. Barney Williams is about the only delineator of Irish character who adheres strictly to his line of business. He and his charming wife are always as welcome as a breath of cool air on a hot summer's day. The plot of the "Connie Soogah," their opening piece, has been so often described that there is now no necessity to re-write it. Suffice it to say, that it was produced with all its original splendor and completeness, and that all the actors and actresses strove to render it as successful as it was last season. And now a word or two about the blooming Irish maidens who crowded the parquet stalls and dress circle on the occasion of the re-appearance of those "great comedians." We had heard of their wondrous beauty, but never took the opportunity of forming an opinion until last Monday evening. Around us, on every side, were handsome, fresh looking damsels, with "cheeks of cream" and cheeks of roses, "sunbright" eyes, and lips that, like "kissing cherries, tempting grew." No susceptible young man could witness this array of loveliness without feeling how wretched was his lonely lot. Visions of buttonless shirts flitted through his brain, and he felt how necessary it was for him to have some one to cheer him with her smile, soothe his ruffled brow with "an holy kiss," and mend his clothes. The "Connie Soogah" will no doubt have a long run, and we advise those who have not seen it to pay a visit to Niblo's Garden.

Clog Dancing, to understand thoroughly, is an art that many seek to acquire. Those who wish to learn have an opportunity now afforded them by J. H. Clifford, who offers, through an advertisement in this issue, to send a book that can teach any one the art. See his advertisement elsewhere.

Something new, by Boucicault, is announced by Manager Wallack, for this evening. It bears the title of "How She Loves Him," the cast including some of the principal members of the company.

Because Artemus Ward gives a Mormon Show, it must not be supposed that he is a Mormon man, a Mormon married man, or a believer in the doctrines of the Rev. Brigham Young. *Au contraire*, as the high Dutch would say, Mr. Ward is a highly moral man, and is opposed to a plurality of mothers-in-law, or any other similar institution. Funny incident in illustration of the peculiarities of mothers-in-law. A friend of ours became married once to an amiable young lady, whose only fault was that she had a mother who imagined she knew everything, but whose ignorance, in fact, was deeply mortifying to the friends and relatives of the family. Our friend one day invited a number of literary chums to dine with him, and sad to relate, the mother-in-law accidentally "happened in" at the same time. The conversation embraced various subjects; suddenly, one of the gentlemen, turning towards the obsequious mother-in-law, said—"Mrs. Dubissy, what is your opinion of the doctrine of total depravity?" "Well," replied Mrs. D., "I think it a very pretty thing if its lived up to." Our thinking readers can well understand the position a *hundred*-wived Mormon must be placed in, when *one* mother-in-law, even, can so mortify us. But Brother Ward, although not to the Mormon manor born, gives us some very interesting and instructive information concerning this curious people. Artemus commences his *matinees* on Wednesday, 14th inst. Here's a nice chance for those who object to leave the domestic hearth-stone in the evening. Let us all encourage Mr. Ward by our presence.

At the Old Bowery, last week, business was most excellent. Fanny Herring took her benefit on the 9th inst., on which occasion she displayed her great versatility of talent by appearing in the leading *role* in "Aurora Floyd," and assuming the three principal characters in the military drama of the "French Spy." In the first piece she appeared to much advantage. She made a very favorable impression upon her audience, and will, no doubt, repeat the character again. In the "French Spy" she was perfectly at home. In the combat scene she brought down the house with her broad-sword combat with McCloskey. Miss Herring has had considerable practice with the broad-sword, exhibiting, as she does, great proficiency when exercising with it. The house was filled in every part, there not being standing room when the curtain rose. The benefit was a big thing, and of which the *beneficiaire* may well be proud. This lady has a very large circle of admirers on the east side of the town, and they always turn out in strong force when Miss Herring puts in an appearance. Mr. Wm. St. Maur made his first appearance in this city at this theatre on the 5th inst., and made a favorable impression. He is a careful, painstaking actor, and may become a favorite with the frequenters of the Old Bowery.

The engagement of Mr. Daniel Bandmann at the Stadt Theater will no doubt turn out to be a lucky investment for the managers. On Monday evening, Dec. 5th, he appeared as Hamlet to one of the largest audiences ever seen within the walls of a German theatre. It is about two years since Mr. Bandmann abandoned his mother tongue and sought to acquire honor and fame in a strange language before an entirely different class of people, but from some reason he partially failed in so doing. Whether the American public is too critical, or whether his acting fell short of the mark, it would be difficult for us to say. His Hamlet, in our opinion, is faulty, and a little more care might be bestowed upon it with advantage to the actor himself. On Wednesday evening, being the benefit of Madame Steglich-Fuchs, Mr. Bandmann made his second appearance as Narcisse in Brachvogel's play of the same name. In spite of the raud, the filthy condition of the streets, and the unpleasant weather, the Teutonic element of our population turned out in large numbers, and wended their way towards the "Dutch temple of the Muses." The house was found to be too small to contain all his admirers, and many were obliged to return home weary and disappointed. In the interior of the theatre all was life and animation. Rosy-cheeked maidens, with eyes like two twin coals of fire, carried on desperate flirtations with bearded youths, whose noses served as resting places for enormous spectacles. No wonder that the Germans are a "gay and happy" race, no wonder that they delight in picnics and surprise parties, no wonder that they marry early, for the females are, as a general rule, peerless in beauty, and have all the qualifications to make home happy. Those who wish to test the truth of these remarks should take the first opportunity to pay a visit to the Stadt Theater. Mr. Bandmann's style of acting is peculiarly his own. His Narcisse, a sort of modern Hamlet, was excellent, and in many scenes he was greeted with shouts of approbation and the clapping of hands. The German people are not naturally demonstrative, and these expressions of delight may therefore be set down as a high tribute to the skill of the artist. The American public cannot form a true opinion of the play, for the translation is decidely "shabby," and altogether unworthy of the original. Madame Steglich-Fuchs assumed the *role* of Mademoiselle Doris Quinault, a part which she acted to perfection. Madame Hoym and Mr. Knorr were also good in their respective characters. On Friday evening Mr. Bandmann made his third appearance as Bolingbroke. The stock company at the Stadt Theater is composed of actors and actresses of ability, and the orchestra, under the direction of Herwig, discourses most excellent music; and we may safely say that those who have once visited this place of amusement are easily prevailed upon to go again.

But this we *do* say, that the tragedy of "Hamlet," as produced at the Winter Garden, with Mr Edwin Booth as the melancholy Dane, is as clever an intellectual treat as one need desire to witness, and it is not at all surprising that it has met with such public favor and approval. Among the thousands who go to the theatre to see this grand work of Shakespeare's, occasionally a few persons will creep in who soon make it evident that they are out of their element in such intellectual assemblages. One evening last week, just as Mr. Booth had finished the passage "Alas! poor Yorick!" an odd-looking customer, a "Southern refugee," probably, who had been an attentive listener, all at once exclaimed—"Wouldn't he make a bully *comic* singer, though!" It was easily seen where *he* was accustomed to spend his evenings. We know of no more able actor on the stage, in the character of Hamlet, than Mr. Edwin Booth; his reading is almost faultless, his actions lifelike, and the entire part most naturally carried out. Little squib about "Hamlet's Ghost:"—Once upon a time a well-known actor dined along with some gentlemen at the house of a lady who was a great admirer of his abilities. In the course of the conversation she thus addressed our Thespian friend—"Mr. ——, I was greatly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Gimlet, when you rose up through the stage, with a white face and red eyes, and spoke about quails upon the frightful porcupine. Do spout a little of the Ghost of Gimlet now, to convince these gentlemen, wont you?" "Madame," replied the actor, with a look of ineffable disdain, "the Ghost of Gimlet is laid never to rise again!"

Not only is the price of admission to see the Bohemian Glass Blowers, at 720 Broadway, extremely low, but visitors have a chance of securing a beautiful specimen of their handiwork without extra charge.

Mr. S. N. Pike, manager of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, is at present located in this city. His address will be found in our advertising columns.

A benefit for the Christian Commission takes place on the 16th inst. at 900 Broadway. Mr. J. McMullen will give selections from "Rory O'Moore," and Mr. Frank B. Converse, the celebrated teacher of the banjo, will give "Yankee Doodle" on the banjo with variations, imitating bell chimes, and hurdy gurdy; also, other entertainments.

Volunteer Benefits are not, as a general thing, dramatically and pecuniarily successful, for it frequently happens that performers, in volunteering their services for a benefit, merely do so on paper, and neglect to fulfil their obligations when the occasion for which they have volunteered presents itself. There are some few exceptions, however, and the testimonial to Mr. Charles Peters was one of them. This excellent actor, it will be remembered, sustained some very serious injuries not long ago, by being run over by a Third Avenue railroad car; so severe, indeed, were his wounds, that it was feared at one time that amputation of one of his legs would be necessary; of course his performances on the mimic boards were at an end, at least for some time, if not forever. His friends at once took measures to get up a dramatic entertainment for his benefit—the Academy of Music was secured for Thursday, the 8th inst.; and it was decided to give two performances, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. To the honor of the profession, be it recorded, managers and people at once came forward in the most liberal manner, and each and every one seemed anxious to contribute in some way toward making the benefit a complete success. We cannot do better, probably, than to give a copy of the bill of entertainments, so that it may appear plainly on our theatrical record, and be referred to in after years as one of the notable theatrical events of the age. Here it is:—

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
TWO GRAND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES
Will be given for the
BENEFIT OF
MR. CHARLES PETERS, COMEDIAN,
(Who was recently severely injured by being run over by a Third Avenue car,)
ON THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1864.

The elite of the dramatic profession in this city and Brooklyn have, by kind permission of their various managers, volunteered their services for the occasion.

The doors will open for the MATINEE at one o'clock, and the performance (commencing at two) will consist of Boucicault's popular Comedy of

LONDON ASSURANCE,
With the following unusually great cast:—

Charles Courtley	Mr. Lester Wallack
Sir Harcourt Courtley	Mr. Charles M. Walcot, Senior
(His first appearance in two years.)	
Dazzle	Mr. Charles Fisher
Mark Meddle	Mr. G. L. Fox
Dolly Spanker	Mr. W. Holston
Max Harkaway	Mr. J. G. Burnett
Cool	Mr. W. H. Norton
Solomon Isaacs	Mr. C. T. Parsloe, Junior
James	Mr. Harry Pearson
Martin	Mr. W. R. Floyd
Lady Gay Spanker	Mrs. John Wood
Grace Harkaway	Miss Madeline Henriques
Pert	Mrs. Sedley Brown

Doors open in the EVENING at 7 o'clock, and performance commences at 8½.

Sheridan's Standard Comedy of
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,
Also cast with the following immense strength:—

Joseph Surface	Mr. J. W. Wallack, Junior
Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. F. B. Conway
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. Mark Smith
Charles Surface	Mr. J. K. Mortimer
Crabtree	Mr. J. W. Lingard
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. B. T. Ringgold
Moses	Mr. Harry Pearson
Trip	Mr. E. Lamb
Careless	Mr. J. Whiting
Rowley	Mr. G. F. Browne
Snake	Mr. Frank Rea
Lady Teazle	Mrs. F. B. Conway
Mrs. Candour	Mrs Farren
Maria	Mrs. C. M. Walcot, Junior
Lady Sneerwell	Mrs. Skerrett

Mr. THOMAS BAKER will preside in the orchestra in the afternoon, and Mr. JOHN P. COOKE in the evening.

Admission to Matinee (no reserved seats)	$1 00
Proscenium Boxes	12 00
Admission to evening performance	1 00
Reserved Seats	1 50
Proscenium Boxes	20 00
Subscribers' Boxes	$6 00, $9 00, and 12 00

Box Office now open.

Mr. Theodore Moss ..... Treasurer.

—Nearly every theatre in this city and Brooklyn was represented, and no less than six managers and lessees of theatres performed in the plays presented; viz., Mr. and Mrs. Conway, of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn; Mr. J. W. Lingard, of the New Bowery; Lester Wallack, of Wallack's Theatre; Mrs. John Wood, of the Olympic; and G. L. Fox, of the Old Bowery. All hands and the Cooke, as well as the Baker, were present, and performed their respective parts in a creditable manner. The Academy of Music itself does not draw much, it being in a sort of out-of-the-way locality, and that is one reason, perhaps, that the audiences were not as large as they might have been at some other theatre; but it is said that the committee will hand over to Mr Peters about $2,000 as the result of the two performances. It is only necessary to refer to the casts of the plays presented to show what a treat was afforded the audiences in attendance.

"The Streets of New York" will always afford subject matter for the penny-a-liners, the bookmaker, the storyteller, and the police officer; the dramatist is among the last to take hold of the stirring incidents enacted in the streets of our goodly city, and to work them up as a highly-wrought drama of the sensation standard, under the name of "The Streets of New York." As the play has been produced in London, where it is still meeting with marked success, it is probable that this fact will contribute to its favorable reception here; at least we *used* to follow the Londoners in such matters, and adopt their opinions, whether good or bad. We have learned, however, to see and hear and speak for ourselves, of late; as an evidence, we can point to Mr. Seward's letter in reference to Lord Wharncliffe's "officious intervention in our domestic affairs," by the tone of which letter "my noble lord" must at least experience a feeling of goneness and discouragement, if not the faceache. To resume—"The Streets of New York" will be represented on the stage of the Olympic, for the first time, this evening, Dec. 12th, with all the accessories necessary to give it a good send off. Mrs. Wood has given us quite a number of attractive pieces of late, including the popular "Milky White" and "St. George and the Dragon."

The two largest known elephants in the world—Hannibal and Tippo Saib—can be seen at Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie, in all their pristine beauty and dignity. In all our travels through the country where elephants grow, we never came across a pair like unto Van Amburgh's. They are immense, from centre to circumference, and are of great weight. Their extreme length from the end of their large noses to the extreme of their little tail, is very long; if one of these gigantic structures should be so unfortunate as to fall upon a human being, it would squash all the breath and ingredients out of his body in an instant, such is their power. At the Menagerie they are very gentle, and never fall on anybody. The Rhamaphoor bloodhounds are also interesting specimens of animated nature; they are said to be of the same breed as those employed by the rebels to recapture Union prisoners who may have escaped from the starvation pens in Georgia; (a bloodhound sent to scent out an escaped Union private was actually eaten by the starved man he was sent to catch). There are also to be seen and heard at the Menagerie a Royal Bengal Tiger, Senegal Leopards, Hindostan Sloth Bears, and specimens of almost every beast known in the bright lexicon of youth and natural history.

A New Dramatic Agency has been opened in this city at 512 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, by Messrs. James S. Wibirt and S. F. Spencer. They offer their services to members of the dramatic, music hall, and Ethiopian professions and managers particularly, for the transaction of business in that line. A few ballet girls are wanted. For further particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

Ossian E. Dodge arrived in this city on the 10th inst., after an absence of eight months in California. During that period he visited all the towns, villages, and hamlets in California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territories, giving over two hundred and twenty concerts, assisted by Mr. Wm. Hayward, the popular vocalist. His trip was a very successful one. In fact, wherever he appeared, churches and halls where he sang were always crowded, and the admission was $1. Very few showmen have ever visited that country and brought away more solid proofs of his success than Mr. Dodge.

"The Great Victor," of whom the amusement advertisements in the *Herald* discoursed most sweetly last week, commences an engagement with the other animals at the Menagerie this evening. Let the "What Is It?" look to his escutcheon. Let the Goblin Drummer also have an eye to *its* laurels.

Wood's Minstrels, in the dull season that always precedes the holidays, are making great preparations for the coming festive occasions, and we may look for a series of *extra* ordinary performances.....Johnny Boyce renews his connection with the troupe this week, taking Purdy's place on the end.

The Varieties, in the Bowery, is now under the management of Mr. George Lea, who, probably, after he has made himself acquainted with the wants of an east side audience, will give an entertainment such as they have not yet had in that section of the city. In taking hold of a hall which others have not made a fortune in, a man has many difficulties to surmount before he can see his way clear; but if any manager can give a good start to the Varieties, George Lea is the man. Harry Bloodgood may be a good negro performer, but he does not benefit himself or manager by so incessantly using the expression—"damn it"; he had better omit it altogether, before it damns him. The double song and dance by Thompson and Kerns, is one of the best acts of the kind we ever witnessed; it brings down the house immensely. Duverna, the contortionist, is also a good card. There is a capital *ballet troupe* at the Varieties, under the direction of M. Zsollossy, while the orchestra, led by Braham, is also good.

Mr. Chas. E. Dobson, banjoist, contemplates making a tour of the States, giving banjo concerts.

Peter Richings and his daughter Caroline arrived here from California last week.

M'lle Marietta Ravel, the popular *danseuse* and tight rope artist, commences a two weeks' engagement at the New Bowery Theatre on the 19th inst.

H. C. Peakes and E. Seguin, of the Richings Opera Troupe, arrived in this city on the 10th inst., from California.

Mr. E. J. White, agent for the Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers, takes a benefit at Hope Chapel on the 16th inst., on which occasion a splendid case of glasswork will be given to the author of the best original conundrum on any subject. Mr. White is an energetic young man and is deserving of a crowded house.

Mr. Wm. Gladding, of Fredericks' Photograph Gallery, advertises in the Clipper that he is prepared to supply parties with caricatures consisting of big heads and small bodies. Persons living out of town can, by sending their picture to Mr. Gladding, get as good a grotesque picture as if they were present. Mr. Gladding has gained a great reputation in getting up these caricatures, particularly in the profession. See his advertisement in another part of this week's Clipper.

Johnny Booker commences an engagement at Campbell's Minstrels this evening. Among the new acts to be performed at this Hall this week are "Lucinda at the Soiree," "Booker's Stump Oration," etc. On Friday evening, Adolph Nichols takes a benefit. "New Year Calls" is in active preparation.

The Manufacturing Jewellers' Association of this city commence the third series of their Gift Concerts this evening. The sale of tickets commenced on Monday, the 12th inst., for the Eighth and Ninth Concerts. Let all those who wish to make a beautiful present to their true loves, buy a ticket and get a piano or a butter knife.

The New Bowery continued the sensation drama of "Waiting for the Verdict" last week, with Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal in the leading *roles*. The piece was very attractive, and, together with other pieces, succeeded in drawing excellent houses during the week. This week Poole's new local drama of the "Charcoal Man," J. B. Howe's new extravaganza of "That Black Bag," and Buckstone's drama of "Poverty and Wealth," are brought out this week. Nelse Seymour takes a benefit on the 13th inst.

Mr. W. P. Hoffman has leased the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, and was to open it on Nov. 21st. It is announced that an original classic spectacle will be the first attraction. The spectacle is founded upon the destruction of Troy, and involves a personation of all the gods on high Olympus, and the famous Grecian and Trojan warriors immortalized by Homer. A good company has been formed, and every preparation is being made, under the direction of the veteran stage manager, James Dowling, to bring out the piece with befitting *eclat*. Mrs. Emily Jordan will be a member of the company, and would make quite a pretty Paris, the classical *roue* who, by his abduction of Helen, the wife of Menelaus, brought on the war that reduced Ilium to ashes. We understand that the new manager of the Metropolitan has quite a handsome account at his banker's—a fact which, taking into consideration the shoals and quicksands of theatrical management in that city, cannot be over-estimated.

Marzetzek's Opera Company seems to have been so injudiciously managed in its business affairs, this season, as to have led to anything but the favorable condition of things required for a successful and profitable career. Yattle Max has apparently got into bad hands, or has allowed himself to be influenced against his judgment in certain matters, for assuredly things are not going on as smoothly as might be. He temporarily lost the favor of his friend Bennett, of the *Herald*, who gave orders to drop Max's troupe for a time. Those who are posted in this matter attribute the *fiasco* to the action of a certain "Sweet William," who is one of the elements of the bouquet of critics who flourish their perfume through the medium of the leading city journals. Rumor has it that the aforesaid, being too partial in his praises of the fair Louise—the popular American prima donna of the troupe—had thereby given offence in quarters highly influential in ruling the movements of the "Times of America," and that in consequence he had been suspended therefrom, this deprivation of his power to act lessening his weekly receipts in more ways than one, a tributary stream of greenbacks being suddenly stopped by the arbitrary action of the boss of the establishment in which he was engaged. Max tried epistolatory correspondence to restore the last favor, the tenor of which was such as to lead to the closing of the doors of editorial patronage, greatly to the loss of Max. Operatic affairs in Brooklyn, too, do not progress as smoothly as they might and would do if the business arrangements of the troupe were marked with that liberality necessary for success in such matters. The subscription series of operas, which were to have been on a par in excellence with those of the New York representations, do not come up to the required standard by any means. Whole scenes have been cut, and the performances generally have been such as to elicit complaints of inferiority to the standard promised. Delays between the acts; annoyances attendant upon the reserved seat system adopted by the management; attempts to supply the places of capable Brooklyn ushers with inexperienced parties from New York; connivance with speculators in reserved seats, etc., etc., form a series of causes for complaint of which Little Max must be ignorant, or he would not risk his well earned reputation for capable and popular management, by allowing such things to take place. Little Max had better take our friendly advice—give his managing man a talking to in reference to the outside speculative business, and otherwise see to it that matters are arranged on a more liberal scale than hitherto.

Madame Carlotta Pozzoni, soprano, and Mr. E. M. Powers, tenor, are pleasing the people of our western cities by their delightful vocalizations. They appeared at the Louisville Theatre on the 8th inst., and met with a hearty welcome. They are to appear at the Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa, on January 2d, for two weeks, and from thence go to the New Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, for a similar period. Managers will learn their address by reference to A. Pozzoni's advertisement in another column.

Harry Wall, agent for Edwin Adams, has been lying very low for the past three weeks at the St. Joseph's Infirmary, Sisters of Charity, Louisville, with an acute and dangerous disease of the knee, called "Sinovitus." A letter from Harry on the 4th inst. says the danger is passed, and I expect to be able to go to work again in a couple of weeks. During my confinement I have been frightened several times, and feel very "shaky," since during the doctors' consultation, I have heard amputation, laceration, and such pleasant words emitted during the examinations. I think, however, my leg will be a little stiff—better that, than off altogether.

Edwin Adams terminated a brilliant engagement at Indianapolis, Ind., last week. He was to go thence to Chicago for three weeks, commencing on the 12th inst.

The Boniface & Newton alliance closed at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, on the 10th, and was to appear in Lexington on the 12th.

The Couldocks continued to be the stars last week at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill. "Still Waters Run Deep" was produced on Dec. 5th, and, says a correspondent: "Mr. Hann acted with even more than his accustomed force in the character of Potter; Mr. Noyes did better as Hawksley than we ever saw him do in any character before; and the whole *dramatis personæ* surpassed themselves. The grand triumph of the evening, however, was accomplished by Mr. Couldock as John Mildmay, Miss Couldock as Mrs. Sternhold, and Mrs. Graham as Mrs. Mildmay. They each acted with an energy, fidelity to life and truthful conception that fairly merged the actor into the characters represented, and almost caused the audience to lose sight of their individual identity. At the end of the piece the two were called before the curtain."

McKean Buchanan and daughter are spoken of by the press of Baltimore as follows:—"Front Street Theatre.—Mr. Buchanan and his talented daughter are meeting with great success at the Front Street Theatre. Last night they appeared in the play of the 'Robbers,' and were enthusiastically applauded."—*Clipper*, Dec. 8th.....McKean Buchanan and his talented daughter have produced a great enthusiasm among the patrons of this theatre. On Tuesday evening they received three rounds of thundering applause in the banquet scene of 'Macbeth,' and throughout the entire tragedy were listened to with breathless attention, interrupted only by shouts of admiration."—*American*, Dec. 8th.

Mollie Williams and Felix A. Vincent are at present performing at the Syracuse (N. Y.) Theatre. Last week their business was most excellent, so we are informed. They remain there until the 2d of January next, when they start for the West, appearing at Fort Wayne, Ind.; Davenport, Iowa, etc. Managers wishing to engage them will find their address in another column.

L. P. Barrett's Buffalo engagement terminated on the 10th of December.

"Waiting for the Verdict" is becoming as popular with managers all over the country as did the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." It was on the bills for production at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, on the 12th inst. McKean Buchanan was the first to produce this sensational piece in this country. It was produced at Grover's Washington Theatre on the 10th inst., and was to be repeated on the 12th.

Sam L. Ryan (not our Sam), was married on Oct. 26th, at Paducah, Ky., to Miss Hatty Grief, of that city. This is coming to *grief* truly.

Edwin Forrest's great engagement at the Philadelphia Academy of Music will close on the 30th inst. This week he appears as Othello, with J. McCullough as Iago, Madame Ponisi as Emilia, and Miss Alice Gray as Desdemona.

Mr. John Flood, a member of the company attached to the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is to have a complimentary testimonial at that house on Wednesday afternoon, 14th inst. On account of serious illness, Mr. Flood is incapacitated from performing, and his friends have interested themselves in his behalf toward making the benefit a success. The following are among the volunteers:—John McCullough, W. H. Hamblin, Madame Ponisi, Miss Alice Gray, all of Ford's company, Academy of Music; Messrs. Carden, Stuart Robson, Griffith, Wallis, Craig, Owen Marlowe, Mrs. Thayer, Miss Price, Miss Graham, of the Arch; Messrs. Herne, Tilton, Bailey, Hemple, Henri, Bascomb, Miss Henri, Mrs. Cress, of the Walnut; Messrs. Lewis Baker, Mordaunt, Ward, Chapman, Effie Germon, Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Vaughan, of the Chestnut. Mr. Sinn, manager of the Chestnut, has given the use of the house. Carncross & Dixey's, and Moran's Minstrels also contribute to make the affair a great success. The programme includes the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice," screen scene from the "School for Scandal," and the fifth act of "Richard 3d," with Stuart Robson as Richard, and S. Hemple as Richmond. Let a flood of greenbacks pour into the treasury on the occasion of Mr. Flood's benefit.

Of Dramatic and other affairs in Indianapolis, Ind., our correspondent "Bontelle," writing on Dec. 7th, says: "'Broad is the road that leads to the Metropolitan Theatre, and many there be that walk therein.' Edwin Adams still holds the boards, his engagement terminating with this week. His present engagement has been quite a success so far, and it is reasonable to suppose it will continue the same until he closes. Dec. 1st 'The Drunkard' was the attraction, drawing a full house. The piece was performed in good style. The rendition of Edward Middleton was a masterly piece of acting, which received the frequent applause of the audience. Friday evening, the 2d, for the benefit of Mr. Adams, 'The Dead Heart' was presented to an appreciative audience. The weather being unfavorable, the house was only comfortably filled. Mr. Adams was creditably supported in the above named piece. Miss Cushman as Catherine Duval was deserving of much praise. The new play, 'Enoch Arden,' was produced for the first time here on Monday evening, the 5th. It was put upon the stage in an excellent manner. The scenery was magnificent, and the music of the orchestra new, and unusually good. An immense crowd assembled to witness its first representation. Mr. Adams sustained the character of Enoch Arden admirably. Miss Cushman as Annie Leigh attributed to the success of the piece. The evening's entertainment wound up with 'Toodles.' Mr. White as Toodles was—as are all his comic delineations—immense. Tuesday night, the 6th, the new play was repeated. The house was crowded from parquet to dome.....I understand that an association has been formed here for charitable and benevolent purposes. The title of the association is, 'Amateur Charitable Association of Indianapolis;' their object being to give theatrical and other entertainments for charitable purposes. They will commence public operations in a few weeks."

Of Chicago Theatricals, our correspondent "Ingomar" says: "M'lle. Vestvali appeared at McVicar's Theatre on the 28th of November, opening in 'Bel Demonio.' She was greeted by the best house of the season, and her engagement thus far has been a complete success. 'Bel Demonio' ran all last week, with increasing favor. It is excellently mounted by the manager, and the cast is a very good one. Vestvali is very popular here, and her fine acting and singing are much applauded. Some would-be critics here have taken it upon themselves to criticise her acting, and have belabored her in a very ungentlemanly manner; but the public is the best judge of her powers, and they are enthusiastic in her praise. J. E. Nagle as Cardinal Mantano was capital. This *role* brings him out in his *forte*, and he is appreciated. On the 5th inst. 'Gamea' was put on the boards, and is still drawing crowded houses. Vestvali remains here until the 10th, and then goes to Washington .....At Wood's Theatre, 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' was to have been given on Dec. 5th and through the week, but owing to a 'dispensation of Providence' 'The Love Chase' was substituted. On the 6th, the two comedies of 'Still Waters Run Deep' and 'Faint Heart never won Fair Lady' were given to a full house. Frank E. Aiken made a very good John Mildmay; and Mrs. Stoneall as Mrs. Sternhold was excellent. This lady is a really painstaking *artiste*, and is deserving of much praise. The 'Magic Marriage' was to be given on the 8th inst. Edwin Adams is to be here shortly."

T. Cony, and his dogs, Jupiter and Sirius, concluded a successful engagement at the Varieties, St. Louis, on the 10th inst., and is now playing in Springfield, Ill. He is an attractive card, and managers wishing to secure his services should address as directed in his advertisement.

Miss Alice Kingsbury has concluded what, we are reliably informed, was one of the most successful engagements ever played at the New Nashville Theatre. The lady is beyond question one of the most attractive stars of the day, which assertion is most satisfactorily corroborated by the fact that her engagement list is full up to as late as March 24th, 1865. Managers who wish to secure Miss Kingsbury's services after the above date, should address her business manager, Mr. Albert A. Wyatt, according to his address in an advertisement in another column.

The Pittsburgh, Pa., Theatre, under the management of Mr. Henderson, is progressing finely. Our correspondent "Idaho," writing on the 8th inst., says: "J. O. Sefton, the popular comedian at our theat

is now open for the winter season. More talent, both male and female, is wanted for the company, at good salaries. Address M. Selak, as directed in his advertisement.

AT FRED. AIMS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, Harry Howland and Henri Barnes appeared on the 5th. "Boy of the Irish Brigade" was the pantomime last week, with "Spiritual Manifestations," "The Intrigues of Spain," "The Three Guerillas," "Maids of Cashmere," etc. On the 9th a complimentary benefit was to be tendered Mr. Fred. Aims.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—This, one of the leading sporting events now on the *tapis*, is eliciting no small degree of interest among the denizens of the city of Brotherly Love and the billiard world at large. It is to take place on Tuesday, the 13th inst., at Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, and a full house is expected to greet the cue-rassers, as it is intended to have all things convenient for a good sight at the players, by both the fair and ui fair sex. As, perhaps, some one or more readers of this paragraph may not know the names of the contestants for championic honors, we wil anticipate the words of the M. C. on the occasion, thus: "A-hem, a-hem. Ladies and gentlemen, we now introduce to you M. Victor Estephe, the present champion, and Mr. Robert T. Ryall."

MORE FRESH PEOPLE at the Casino, Philadelphia, among whom are Ed. Murray, Ethiopian, comedian and vocalist; Larry Tooley, Ethiopian delineator; and J. P. Johnson, comic vocalist..... The serio-comic pantomime of the "Monkey of St. Salvador" is one of the attractions for the present week, introducing Jeddo Miacco as the Monkey..... "Jack and the Beanstalk" is in rehearsal for the Christmas holidays ..... Miss Kathleen O'Neil and Mr. Tim. Hayes continue their engagements at the Casino.

AT THE ATHENÆUM VARIETIES, Cleveland, O., lady vocalists and dancseuses can always secure an engagement. See Manager Montpelier's card in our advertising columns.

AMERICAN HALL, Hartford, Conn., capable of seating eight hundred persons, has been recently put in complete order, and is now to be rented for concerts, lectures, exhibitions, etc. See C. C. Osborn's card in another column.

M'LLE BRIGNOLI, the female violinist, comic vocalist and danseuse, is at liberty to negotiate with managers through her agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MR. WILLIAM HAYWARD, vocalist, who accompanied Ossian E. Dodge to California, has concluded to remain in that country for a little while longer, as, having received a good offer from Ben Cotton, he has joined the minstrel profession, and is at present performing with the party at the American Theatre, San Francisco.

A NEW BURLESQUE, entitled "East Lynne," is on the programme of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, its first representation taking place on the 12th inst. E. F. Dixey sustains the arduous *role* of Lady Izzy Belle and Madame Wine; E. N. Slocum that of Archy Carlyle, etc. They also reproduce the always popular "Rail Road Smash Up."..... Robert Frazer, eccentric comedian, joins the group this week..... Some of the best talent in the profession is now connected with Carncross & Dixey's party, and we question if a better entertainment is given by any other troupe in the country.

CHESNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, has been remodelled, the stage enlarged, new scenery painted, and other improvements made during the past week, and in its new form will be re-opened on the 12th inst., with the following Minstrel Band:—Frank Moran, Dick Parker, E. Ubest, Jules Stratton, W. Morrie, O. P. Perry, J. Hosfelt, O. H. Carter, E. Bowers, T. Gettings, J. Tannenbaum, D. Wells, J. W. Pierce, T. Wagstaff, M. Lenzy, and S. Thompson. The opening programme is decidedly rich, embracing among other features the "Sage of Luck Now," "Have You Struck Oil?" "East Lynne," with the following cast:—East Lynne Novice, Frank Moran; North Lynne Champion, E. Bowers; South Lynne Pet, T. Gettings, etc.....John Mulligan, who has long been a comedian of note, is to commence a star engagement at this house on the 19th inst., for two weeks. John is a tall performer, and creates unspeakable joy when he comes upon the stage.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were billed to appear at Covington, Ky., on the 12th inst.

HAVERLEY'S COMBINATION MINSTRELS are becoming very popular under the able management of Mr. J. H. Haverley, who is triumphantly conducting them on a tour through the eastern and western States and the Canadas. They opened at Mansard Hall, Oswego, we are informed, to a $400 house. From thence their route, as laid down, was Syracuse, Auburn, Lockport, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Erie, Sandusky, Dayton, Covington, Lexington and Louisville, in each of which places a hearty reception is anticipated for them.

A PERFORMER, one who is up in the business as end-man, is in want of a situation with a first-class minstrel band or concert-hall. His business is bones, pathetic ballads, song and dance, and general performer. See his advertisement elsewhere.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS are doing a rushing business—this being the concurrent testimony of a "cloud of witnesses." Their last night at Detroit was the better of the three. On the 6th and 7th inst., they were at Toledo, Ohio, and were favored with full houses on both dates. Manager Duprez gives the Common Scoundrels of Toledo a rare showing up in an advertisement in another column. Managers of migratory troupes should read the same.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS have been meeting with success in the principal towns of Connecticut. On the 6th and 7th they were at Hartford.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS appear at Lockport, N. Y., on the 17th and 18th inst.

EMMA WILLIAMS opened the Marysville Theatre, Cal., Nov. 1st, with a troupe of male and female minstrels, consisting of the Fillmore sisters, T. F. Barnwell, Sam Case, Dick Durand, Joe Williams and others.

THE EUREKA MINSTRELS in San Francisco have become fixed favorites in that city. Charley Backus is one of the principal black-lights of the troupe. Backus' imitations of notable actors, including Kean, McKean Buchanan, etc., are said to be very fine. A correspondent says: "When Backus appeared lately in his imitation of Mr. Kean, in the character of "Hamlet," that gentleman was in a private box, looking on. He restrained himself for a while, but, as Backus proceeded, was fairly compelled to laugh it out and heartily applaud.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS have completed their raid on Canadian soil, and have returned to "within our lines," laden down with gold, silver, copper and such-like ancient circulating medium. Their campaign has been highly successful, since, beside the spoils, they have captured every town and city they have entered, and won over the inhabitants to loyalty to the cause of Ethiopian Minstrelsy, as illustrated by the Duprez & Green party. On the 2d, 3d and 5th inst., they exhibited their strategy at Detroit, and accumulated an abundance of "spelter." In what direction Gen. Duprez intends deploying his forces this week, we know not, for he is evidently patterning after Gen. Sherman's plan of campaign. That he will be successful, however, in the language of military critics, admits of no doubt.

THE GREAT MAMMOTH TROUPE of the profession, as Hooley's Minstrels are called on the programme, appear in a variety of acts this week at their Brooklyn Opera House. Hank Mudge's pupils, Masters Thorne and Buttons, appear in a triple clog dance. A new act called "Waiting for the Verdict," is performed for the first time. The attendance at this popular establishment continues first rate, and Manager Hooley is increasing his "pile" daily.

Circuses.

CIRCUS OR CONCERT HALL MANAGERS wishing to engage a contortionist and flying trapeze performer, should make a note of Alonzo Le Vernon's advertisement in another column.

THE MESSRS. HITCHCOCK, HATCH & WHEELER have leased the old National Theatre property, Boston, for a period of years, and are now engaged in erecting a wooden amphitheatre for the purpose of giving first-class equestrian entertainments. The building will be ready for occupancy on or about Christmas, and a first-class company is being secured.

THE CELEBRATED ORRIN FAMILY, who left San Francisco last winter for a long tour, were at last accounts in Panama. We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. G. F. Orrin, dated Panama, Nov. 15th, from which we take the following: "While in Valparaiso, the Willis and Aymar Circus Company arrived from the interior, but like sensible people, soon left after seeing our performances, for parts unknown. From there we went to Santiago, the capital of Chili, 100 miles per railroad, opened under canvas on the 26th of March, and did a fine business until the 12th of May, although we had a great deal to contend against; two earthquakes and the election time, threats of rebellion every day—had to call the military out on several occasions. One night 150 persons rushed into our circus and knocked down the sentinels. I stopped the performance, and was on the point of having them put out, but was persuaded by the American Consul and some favorite friends to go on with the show, as the mob were of the government party, and that things should be all right. However, things passed off quite lively that night. Then the news of the Spanish taking possession of the Chincha Islands excited the public mind; indignation meetings and threats to kill all the foreigners. Several attempts were made to pull down the Spanish Consul's flag, but all ended in "gas." Then the Bisclet family, French gymnasts, consisting of seven in number, made their appearance. They are the same party who played an engagement with Spalding and Rogers' whilst in Rio Janeiro. They desired to engage with us, but wanted all the profits, so we did not settle matters. I believe they did play with the Aymar party after that. We found a great many friends among the English and American residents, and received several handsome presents. One, a fine "Cholenian" horse, was given to my son Edward by his particular friend, Joseph Hill. The only opposition we had in the show business was a Mons. Edgardo, a prestidigitator, who performed several nights in the theatre, but did not hurt us, although a clever performer. My eldest son, George, made a great hit here in his great act of the Zampillaerostation, concluding with the double somerset. Sebastian was called out nightly. In fact, the whole performance was a great success. Left Santiago on the 14th of May, for Valparaiso; shipped on the English steamer Peru for Caldera, two days' voyage. Here we took the cars for Copiopo. It is a very fine place, fine theatre, and plenty of money; business splendid, and performed until the 24th of June. This place is celebrated for its terrific earthquakes. We had three during our stay—one of them a "croaker," which took place on the 17th, during dinner time, about five o'clock P. M. A great rush was made to the streets, and all the people kneeling. It was so severe that it caused the church bells to ring. I went to see the ruins of the last February earthquake. It was a dreadful sight to see, but it is so common here that the inhabitants are inclined to bet on the time that they will feel the shocks, and a good sign of it is that all the dogs in the city are in the streets howling a few minutes before it takes place. We were all glad to leave here, though it is one of the best little show towns in the country. From there we returned to Caldera, in time for the great feast of San Pedros—all sorts of amusements—boat racing, performing in sacks, etc. This brought us to the glorious Fourth of July, which we all celebrated on the American ship John O. Baker, Capt. Miller, and on board the English ship Corricater, Capt. Talbot, which lay side by side, near the wharf. By this time our favorite steamer Peru had made her trip to Panama and back, and we then sailed on her that night, at nine o'clock, for Arica, in Peru, a three days voyage. Arrived on the morning of the 7th, had some trouble in getting horses and canvas ashore in lighters. Opened on the 10th, business brisk. Left here on the morning of the 15th for "Tague," 40 miles by cars. Opened on the 17th and performed till the 28th. Business only middling, the people being very poor, and the excitement of the Chincha Islands had caused "stagnation" to all kinds of business. Gave another performance at "Arica" on our return. Left the next morning for "Auquipe," thirty leagues. We travelled the whole distance on mules across the Pampas and over the mountains. Here we met with some wonderful sights. Saw over 500 dead animals on the road. The poor things travel the whole journey without a drop of water, because the mule drivers are too mean to pay for it. It is true that water is very dear, as one has to pay 1s. and even 4s. a bucket. We all watered our horses to keep them alive, and when the poor things fall down, the load is taken from their back and left there to die. We travelled over the "Pampas" thirteen leagues, the first day through the burning sands. Arrived quite exhausted at "Atambo," which is called a Roadside Tavern. No houses within five leagues. Water has to be brought eight leagues over to this place. Left Atambo at 2 o'clock in the morning to avoid travelling in the sun. Laid over in the heat of the day, and arrived in Arequipa at 8 o'clock that night. Here we were quite up in the world, this place being about 18,000 feet above the level of the sea; and close to the burning volcano of Mount Chimborazo. Here we did not play under canvas, but made a ring in the parquet of the theatre, which is a very old building. No roof to it, we had to put a canvas on the top whenever there was a performance. We opened to a $1100 house; and did splendid business for twelve performances. Left this place, and arrived at Islay the next evening. Here we met the steamer "Peru" once more, and off we went for Callao. Arrived there on the 10th of September, and found everything all right, and "six" of a blockade. Opened there on the 15th under canvas, and performed on the 17th (Sunday afternoon) at the Plaza de Torres, the 18th being the anniversary of the independence of Chili, a sort of 4th of July which is kept in this country. Also performed at night under canvas, as well as Tuesday, the 19th. Opened in Lima, at the Plaza de Acho, on Sunday afternoon, the 24th, to a crowded house. Had to close the gates before the beginning of the performance, there being over 12,000 people present. This was the great "climax" upon which we travelled with sealed papers, on account of many parties trying to lead us before we reached the capital; notwithstanding which, we fooled them all. Ahead of us was a party of three brothers, styled the "Brothers of the Air;" then there were the Willis and Aymar party; also the Bisclet Family, who had sent their agent ahead; and also Tom Linton's party, just arrived from England, thirteen in number, who were playing in Valparaiso, but hearing we had the lead of them towards Lima, changed their views and sailed for Australia. We performed every Sunday in the Plaza de Acho in Lima, and Tuesday and Thursday under canvas in Callao, distance about twelve miles by cars. Sailed in haste, on board of the steamer "Peru," on the 28th of October, for Payta, on our way to Guayaquil. Upon arriving at Payta, nothing but bad news. The President of Guayaquil killed, and the city in a state of rebellion. The Keller Troupe were performing at the theatre, but had stopped on account of the riots, and Mr. Keller having got into a difficulty through one of the ladies of the troupe, who had been insulted by a native and during the quarrel drew a pistol on Keller, who in self-defence shot the man; he expired that night. Keller was arrested and put in prison, but the foreigners have demanded his release, and have given notice that they will apply to the American squadron, now laying there, to bombard the town. You have it just as it was told to me by a passenger just arrived from Guayaquil. Hearing all this "good news," we thought best to direct our course to this place, and arrived here on the morning of the 4th, in their "bake-house" city. Quite unsafe to walk without an umbrella, nevertheless we opened here on the 7th to an immense audience, and give our sixth performance to-night. Palcos all sold before 8 o'clock this morning. I expect to sail from Aspinwall on the 21st for Kingston in Jamaica. Hoping that this will find you in good health, as it leaves me and family, I remain yours truly, G. F. ORRIN.

MAD. MACARTE joined the Equestrian Company at the National, Cincinnati, last week.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia produced "Still Waters Run Deep" on the 7th inst.

Miscellaneous.

DR. LANDIS, who has been giving Sunday evening preaches in the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been compelled to discontinue them, from fear of unprofitable disturbances. Some rich scenes occurred during the brother's theatrical ministry, scenes more honored in the breach than in the observance, and the cause of order and morality loses nothing by the exit of Landis from the boards of the Walnut. The brother had paid $50 for the rent of the theatre for last Sabbath evening, but the manageress subsequently returned it to him, and abruptly brought his engagement to a close. Through the week the good brother gives private lectures to ladies on one day, and to gentlemen on another.

EXHIBITORS travelling on the line of the New York and Boston railroad are reminded that the following halls can be secured:—Franklin Hall, Bridgport, Conn.; Music Hall, New Haven; Morgan Hall, Meriden; Allyn Hall, Hartford; City Hall, Springfield, Mass.; and Mechanics' Hall, Worcester. They are all good halls.

"THE FAIRY QUEEN" as that novel piece of mechanism is called, which Messrs. Geo. K. Goodwin and Charles H. Carling are running, is a beautiful steam engine made of glass, the largest of the kind ever made. It is certainly one of the wonders of this wonderful age, and should be seen by all who take an interest in such novelties. It will be exhibited throughout the States and the Canadas before it blows off steam for good. Look out for the "Fairy Queen" when the bell rings.

AWAY OUT in Ripon, Wisconsin, our show friends will find a hall in which to exhibit their curiosities, panoramas, theatricals, etc. D. Greenway's Balcony Hall will accommodate one thousand persons, and is well adapted for all show purposes. Ripon is said to be a good show town.

CONNER & LEA'S agency for the profession, at No. 25 West Houston Street, New York, is doing a lively business. It is the head-quarters for many of the show people.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW has been doing the biggest kind of business at Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week. The papers are all unanimous in their praise of the Show. So great has been the throng in front of the hall to obtain admission, that the street has become so crowded that no one can pass, and the Mayor has threatened to compel the manager to stop exhibiting. The *Commercial* of that city, says:—"The Mayor has notified Mr. La Rue that the crowds desiring to see his Stratopaticon must not be kept standing on the side-walk, waiting for admission to the Masonic Hall, and that he must open his doors at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, or something will have to be done." When the Show was in Cleveland, O., the *Herald* said as follows:—"LA RUE'S GREAT WAR SHOW.—This new star which has risen in the firmament of art entertainments, and which is destined to eclipse all others in brilliancy, is nightly stamped with the seal of universal approbation by refined and delighted audiences. The entertainment is relieved of many of its melancholy features, by the appearance of Mr. D. C. La Rue, between the scenes of the Stratopaticon, in his 'Olio of Oddities,' who, by means of the most wonderful facial contortions and the rapidity of change of costume, quaint sayings and burlesque representations of the follies and egotisms of the human family generally, keeps the audience in good humor during his varied and amusing impersonations."

JAMES E. MURDOCH gave readings at Lafayette Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 5th and 6th inst..... L. M. Gottschalk, assisted by Miss Lucy Simmons, Signor Morrelli and Herr Doehler, under the management of Signor Muzio, gave his farewell concerts on the 6th and 7th inst., at Concert Hall, to a very large and fashionable audience.

LA RUE'S GREAT WAR SHOW was to close in Pittsburgh on the 10th, and goes to Steubenville, O.

THE NATIONAL COMBINATION AND VARIETY SHOW, under the management of Mr. Rufus Somerby, the well-known showman, is holding forth this week at the Buffalo Opera House. The exhibition is one of the largest and most complete organizations in the country, and consists of the following talented performers: the Snow Brothers (William and Benjamin), and the Levantin Brothers (three in number), Gymnasts, Acrobats and Equilibrists, Lizzie Somerby, *contralto* vocalist, Effie Carlton, songstress, Dick Sands, the renowned Cleg Dancer, Miss Jessie Robinson, *danseuse*, Simon Sloan, Yankee comedian and delineator of comic characters, Harry Bryant, ventriloquist, inimitable imitator and comic pantomimist, the Florentine troupe (eight in number) as the Kremfie Marabouts, or, the Wild Nomads of the Desert, the automaton slack rope vaulter, the marvel of the 19th century, a troupe of performing dogs and monkeys, a team of six dogs, with silver-mounted harness and trappings, drawing an elegant miniature chariot through the principal streets on the day of exhibition; a farce is given at each entertainment; also, a comic trick pantomime, written expressly for this establishment.

MR. JOHN DENIER took a farewell benefit on the 10th inst., at Maryland Institute, Baltimore. The house was crowded in every part. John carried a young lady on his back, in making his rope ascension, the full length of the hall. James Melville and sons volunteered and appeared.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and William Hayward sang to a crowded house in Healdsburg, Cal., Nov. 5th, which concluded their engagement on the Pacific coast.

THE BLAISDELL BROTHERS and SWISS BELL RINGERS are concertizing in the mountain towns of California.

WISLEY'S PANORAMIC STEREOSCOPTICON was at Dutch Flat, California, early in Nov.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL and Celestial Troupe was at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on the 9th and 10th inst.

PAUL JULIEN was to sail on Nov. 12th from San Francisco for South America. His last appearance was to be a subscription concert (one hundred tickets at five dollars each), to take place in the Reading Room of the Occidental Hotel, on Nov. 10th. Miss Jennie Kempton and Professor Herold were to assist on the grand occasion.

THE ALLEGHANIANS are to be at Cleveland on the 17th inst.

THE "STAR SISTERS" (the Tinker Family), said to be very pleasing vocalists, are concertizing in Western New York.

THE HUDSON BROTHERS, vocalists (four brothers), who gained some considerable popularity a few years since in Pennsylvania, will reorganize the coming spring for a tour through the United States and Canadas.

JOHN W. WRIGHTON, the distinguished humorist, still continues his victorious career through New York State. He was greeted by large and fashionable audiences at Ashley Hall, Owego, and Brigham Hall, Binghamton, the first of last week. His splendid set of photographs, worth six hundred dollars, exhibited in every city, are said to be a show of themselves. The *Binghamton Democrat* says: "We do not remember of having witnessed an entertainment so brimming with mirth and tinctured with anything like so much good nature." His partner, Mr. A. B. Palmer, formerly proprietor of the "War in India," is a smart business man. Mr. Harry Butler, the advertising agent, is always on the alert. The "Dodgers" he gets out are a great institution.

A MUSIC TEACHER in East Boston recently "went away" with a young girl of seventeen, beautiful as a dream—minus the nightmare. The happy couple belonged to the same church choir, and the man was also the owner of a wife and child who are left to mourn their loss. Church choirs are sad places for persons susceptible of the tender passion.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE PANORAMA OF SCOTLAND, together with three ladies and one gentleman, who are said to be excellent vocalists, can be secured by a responsible party to trave'. See advertisement.

THE TWILIGHT HUMORISTS, consisting of four voices, at present performing in Canada, are at liberty to engage with responsible managers, through their agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea. For further particulars, see advertisement elsewhere.

LEWIS' COMBINATION OF JUVENILE COMEDIANS was performing at Huston Hall, Dayton, Ohio, last week. In the organization are Cora Inderwood, Carney Blake, Jean Flynn, James Julian, C. A. Lewis, etc.

PROF. W. J. MCALLISTER, your attention is called to an advertisement in another part of this paper.

MR. and MRS. DION BOUCICAULT commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Nov. 15th, with his original drama entitled "Arrah Na Progue."

THE WILSON CHRISTY MINSTRELS were performing on Nov. 19th at the Round Room, Rotunda, Dublin. The company as at present organized consists of Eugene, J. A. Basquin, O. Parker, G. J. Wilson, Unsworth, F. Ramer, T. Christian, C. Blamphin, and F. Hayden.

AMUSEMENTS.

CARD.---MONS. JOHN DENIER, GYMNASTIC ARTISTE, TIGHT ROPE PERFORMER, and PANTOMIMIST, the only rival of the great Blondin, is now creating an immense excitement at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore. Managers wishing a GOOD CARD for the Holidays would do well to address his agents, CONNER & LEA, 25 West Houston st., N. Y. 35-2t*

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS, of whatever creed,
Please this, our MUSEUM CATECHISM read.
Where can be found in this gay festive City
Amusement moral, lively, rich and witty?
Where can be seen a PANORAMA GRAND,
"GULLIVER'S TOUR IN LILLIPUTIAN LAND"?
Where an AQUARIA filled with fishes rare,
OCEAN and RIVER GARDENS, grand beyond compare?
Where is the only place beneath the sun
That you can find 3 FAT GIRLS, weight one ton?
And where combined (the measure does not lie),
THREE MONSTROUS GIANTS 24 feet high?
In living contrast where can you behold
Two DWARFS, weight 18 pounds, of perfect mould?
Where can the curious a MENAGERIE find
Of REPTILES, BEASTS and BIRDS of rarest kind?
Where find of LIFE-LIKE FIGURES a collection,
MOVING AUTOMATONS, that bear inspection?
Where see those "RED MEN OF THE FOREST," styled
O-KE-NA-WA-KAS TRIBE OF INDIANS, wild?
For those who wish to pass the time so gaily,
Where do they give Three Entertainments daily?
ANSWER—AT BARNUM'S.
At 11 A. M., Performance for the throng—
"THE PANORAMA, INDIANS AND A SONG."
At 3 P. M. (Successes to it belongs),
"DEBORAH," or the "JEWISH MAIDEN'S WRONGS."
At 7½, "MARTIN THE PRIVATEER,"
And very COMIC DANCE by MONS. TONY DENIER.
TWO LIVING OTTERS, KANGAROOS, LIVE OWLS,
ALBINO BOY, AQUARIA AND THREE-LEGGED FOWLS.
ADMISSION ONLY 30 CENTS these things to see;
CHILDREN not over ten HALF PRICE. SO MOTE IT BE.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 BROADWAY.

LAST SIX NIGHTS
AND
LAST 144 HOURS
OF
HELLER'S
THIRD PROGRAMME,
which, having accomplished its destiny in achieving 100 representations, must positively be withdrawn for the production of great
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES
AND THE
FOURTH PROGRAMME OF WONDERS.
☞ LAST 6 NIGHTS of the SECOND SIGHT.
☞ LAST 6 NIGHTS of the SCARLET SPIRIT.
☞ LAST 6 NIGHTS of the MAGIC RINGS.
☞ LAST 6 NIGHTS of the PRESENT MUSICAL SELECTION.
☞ LAST 6 NIGHTS of the GOBLIN DRUM.
☞ LAST 6 NIGHTS of all THAT IS OLD.
The new will outvie the old in its startling characteristics and mystic developments. HELLER'S MAGIC PANTOMIME on Monday, Dec. 19. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 3 P. M.
Sedgwicks Concertina Solos every evening. 36

ARTEMUS WARD'S---
HIS ENTERTAINMENTS,
DODWORTH HALL, 806 BROADWAY,
Next to Grace Church and opposite Eleventh street.
ARTEMUS WARD,
HIS
EVENINGS IN UTAH,
AND
NIGHTS ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
illustrative of his EXTRAORDINARY INDIAN ADVENTURES, and MORMONISM, colossusly represented by
PAINTINGS
done in the BEST PETROLEUM OIL, and in a manner calculated to make
THE OLD MASTERS
feel very sorry they had not confined themselves to painting houses and fences, or gone to whitewashing for a living.
Every Evening at 8. Doors open at 7½.
ARTEMUS WARD'S
First Matinee or Afternoon-Morning-Performance on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, at 3 P. M. 36

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Doors open at 7..... Commencing at 7¾
MONDAY ENENING, DEC. 12TH, 1864.
NEW LOCAL SCENERY by HAYES.
The last London Sensation, entitled
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK,
By DION BOUCICAULT, Esq., in Five Tableaux, with a Prologue.
PROLOGUE:
Adam Fairweather (a sea Captain)..... Mr. J. H. Stoddard
Gideon Bloodgood (a Banker)..... Mr. T. J. Hind
Tom Badger (his Clerk)..... Mr. J. K. Mortimer
THE PLAY:
Paul Fairweather (aged 25)..... Mr. B. T. Ringold
Mark Livingston (a New York Gentleman)..... Mr. T. B. Berry
Gideon Bloodgood..... Mr. T. J. Hind
Tom Badger (expelled by the Vigilance Committee, San Francisco)..... Mr. J. K. Mortimer
Puffy (a Baker)..... Mr. Harry Pearson
(His first appearance at this Theatre).
Dan (of Washington Hose No. 40)..... Mr. E. Lamb
Mrs. Fairweather (Widow of the Captain)..... Mrs. Vining
Alida Bloodgood..... Miss Eliza Newton
Lucy Fairweather..... Miss Louisa Myers

BROADWAY THEATRE.
ANOTHER GREAT COMIC "SENSATION"
MR. JOHN E. OWENS
A GAY YOUNG BRIDEGROOM, and
THE OLD-COUNTRY FARMER,
two inimitably faithful and funny expositions of character, in which are delightfully blended all the shades of
SPARKLING MIRTH AND BROAD HUMOR.
MONDAY, DEC. 12TH, AND DURING THE WEEK,
Second week of Buckstone's charming two act Comedy,
THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.
MR. OWENS..... as..... MR. GILLMAN
91st, 92d, 93d, 94th, 95th and
☞ 96th NIGHT OF ☜
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
MR. OWENS..... as..... SOLON SHINGLE
☞ THE PERFORMANCE CLOSES AT A QUARTER PAST TEN O'CLOCK.
SEATS SHOULD BE SECURED IN ADVANCE.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON,
Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music. Begins 7½.
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12TH,
AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK.
TWO GRAND MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
First appearance of the world-renowned equestrienne,
MADAME LOUISE TOURNIAIRE,
the greatest living exponent of the "Haute Ecole" of Manege, and Bareback Horsemanship, in her Lessons of Central Park Equestrianism.
MARIETTA ZANFRETTA
in new and startling feats.
YOUNG STICKNEY, EMMA STICKNEY,
F. SIEGRIST and LE PETITE GIORGA.
THE FRENCH RAVEL TROUPE.
NOTICE.—The new, grand Christmas Pantomime, which has been months in preparation, will be produced with New Scenery, Dresses, Decorations, and Magical Tricks and Transformations, on MONDAY, Dec. 19. 36

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c..... HENRY WOOD.
Commence at 7½ o'clock.
Re-appearance of the favorite Comedian,
J. T. BOYCE,
HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES, STOCKS UP,
RUNNING THE BLOCKADE, PADDY'S WEDDING,
THE BLACK LEATHER BAG, BANJO SOLOS,
LOONEY NAPOLEON, THOUGHTFUL EMOTIONS,
SONGS, DANCES, LET HER GO,
&c., &c., &c.,
BY
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
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